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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

LATIN AMERICA

We print in this issue four articles, relating directly or indirectly to Latin America, that throw light upon two changes in our relations with our Southern neighbors, which have occurred during, and partly in consequence of, the war. In the first place, the principal powers of South America have now reached a stage of maturity when they are beginning to formulate new foreign policies expressing their growing solidarity, not only in respect to Europe, but also in respect to the United States. In the second place, nearly all Latin-American countries are facing social problems which are analogous or identical with those of Europe and the United States, and which create a certain community of interest between classes as well as governments in the Western Hemisphere that transcends political and even racial and linguistic boundaries. It is because these articles seem to illuminate this new situation, that we have grouped them in our present issue.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

President Harding's invitation to the principal powers to meet in Washington next November, to discuss disarmament, is naturally a leading topic of discussion in the European press. Many of the comments have already reached this country. In a general way, it may be said that public opinion in Great Britain is unreservedly friendly, the only dispute in the matter being as to the personnel of the British commission. The *Times* — as we have been abundantly informed — opposes the suggestion that Lloyd George serve as one of the British representatives. It says: 'Of all statesmen in Europe, he is probably the most distrusted. It is notorious that no government and no statesman who has had dealings with him puts the smallest confidence in him.' It was this attack which caused the *Times* to be deprived of certain Foreign-Office privileges. That journal, however, regards immediate acceptance of President Harding's invitation as 'of high augury for the Empire and the world.'

The *Morning Post*, true to its traditionalist sympathies and its advocacy of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, expresses some distrust as to the useful outcome of such a conference. It doubts whether the British view of England's naval obligations will ever coincide with the views of other nations, unless there is a 'common resolve to remove not weapons of war but the causes of war, in which case, as President Harding has no doubt foreseen, the question of the weapons would settle itself.'

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French papers revert at once to the part the Conference may play in the settlement of European controversies, and are frankly hopeful that it may result in such a formal alliance of France, Great Britain, and the United States as was proposed at the time of the Paris Conference. However, France has interests in the Pacific which harmonize with those of the United States. *Le Temps* says that that country is predestined to agree with us in respect to the independence of China and equality of economic privileges in that country. 'The object of this deliberation is naval disarmament, but we must not forget the ulterior and essential object in view: that will be the fate of China, with its immense reservoir of men and wealth and unlimited possibilities as a market.'

Journal des Débats, after observing that the 'American proposal has delivered the British Empire from serious embarrassment,' — the Anglo-Japanese alliance, — points out that the wide scope of the discussion will make it easier for Tokyo to accommodate itself to the new diplomatic situation thus created. It believes the United States is sincerely anxious to avoid an armament race, although the best able of any of the powers to engage in one. Coming to the real kernel of the question, however, this journal remarks: 'The moment we begin to limit our navies, France, which is to-day the greatest military power, must agree to reduce its army; otherwise there would be a change of equilibrium.' This naturally raises grave questions with regard to Germany. 'But we must not forget that in the world which has issued from the war, there is a greater degree of practical solidarity in political affairs than ever before. The field of action has broadened and the great powers are to some extent united. That is why it would be a great blunder to envisage any single question as if it were isolated from its neighbors.'

La Democratie Nouvelle — a clamorous paper, with a small but energetic following — improves the opportunity to belabor both England and America, which are described as the 'great profiteers' of the war. 'Possessing monster factories, gigantic fleets, unequaled superiority in production, they seek first of all to restore normal relations between governments. Is this idealism? By no means. They want peace in order to sell their goods. . . . The situation of our country is entirely different. It cannot accept a *status quo* which ensures its ruin. Three years after its victory, after sacrificing everything to save the liberty of the world, it is abandoned by its Allies.' In other words, France will not receive its dues from Germany. 'By an apparent paradox, just when France is preoccupied with the disarmament of Germany, the main object of our Allies is to disarm France.'

However, such outbursts apparently do not represent the solid opinion of the country. *Le Temps* says in another issue that, during the period from now until the conference is held, it will act 'like a magnet upon all the political problems of the universe.'

Some of the Italian papers are distrustful and even hostile, recalling the disappointments of the Paris conference. However, even here the burden of comment is favorable, and the Vatican is reported to be enthusiastically in favor of President Harding's proposal. In fact, a rumor is current at Rome that the Pope will shortly issue an encyclical letter on the subject. *Corriere della Sera* says: 'The religious traditions of the American people make them a nation occasionally warlike, but normally pacifist,' and concludes a sympathetic leader upon the subject as follows: 'While useful for the other continents, the Washington conference will be no less

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useful for Europe, assuming of course that no obstacle arises here. . . . If it was an error to believe that we could get along without America, it is an error which surpasses comprehension to fancy that the allied and associated powers can set the world in order while continuing to disregard utterly Germany and Russia and postponing to the Greek kalends the question of inter-Allied indebtedness.'

Jules Sauerwein — French chauvinism often goes with German names — demands in *Le Matin*, that the Conference shall provide ample guaranties for the protection of France against Germany; but does not, as might be expected from his previous articles, oppose disarmament.

The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* believes that Germany should do everything in its power to favor the Conference. 'Germany should be quite ready to give international guaranties for its own disarmament and its future military conduct, providing the sanctions are withdrawn and it is allowed economic freedom. Germany must qualify this, however, by demanding that Poland also disarm. Just now that country is making a right dangerous toy of its weapons.'

Journal de Genève, after reviewing the moral and material advantages Japan derived from the war, observes: —

The President of the United States is certainly an excellent man, and he is reported to be a most intelligent one. Nevertheless, his attitude is surprising. He has condemned unsparingly the labors of his predecessor. He has even carefully demolished them. However, he is now pursuing the same path. Does he imagine that it is possible to limit or abolish armaments without lessening the independence of governments, and impairing their sovereignty? . . . If the Washington Conference, instead of confining itself to an adjustment of the controversies of the Pacific, endeavors to disarm the Great Powers, without preparing the ground in advance, it will come to grief upon the same obstacles as its predecessors. . . . However, the press of every country is profuse in its praise of Mr. Harding's action, and their governments will undoubtedly accept his invitation with enthusiastic cordiality. . . . That is because the President of the United States is a very powerful man. They might show less regard for the Prince of Monaco.

Coming to the more immediate object of the Conference, Arthur Pollen, commenting in the new *Saturday Review* on Bywater's *Sea-Power in the Pacific*, is more critical of that author's conclusions than was Mr. Balderston in the article we published on July 23. Yet he by no means condemns the book. In fact, he finds it 'exceedingly interesting, despite a conviction that the whole pother is about nothing at all. . . . If "warlike" means liking war, then never was there a people less warlike than our trans-Atlantic cousins. But if "warlike" means a dislike of ending war until its purpose is achieved, then their history shows the Americans to be very conspicuously of this breed. . . . Once in, they develop a kind of pigheaded determination to go through with it that must give pause to any power, large or small, rich or poor, near or distant. The Japanese know these truths quite well, and, knowing them, will welcome the counsels of sanity that will make the disarmament that all desire a thing which each country can concede without loss of dignity.'

Meanwhile, Mr. Balderston returns to the subject, apropos of Mr. Harding's invitation to Washington; and after pointing out that battleships are designed for the purpose of fighting, and that a country which builds them can have no other motive than to fight, concludes that a limitation of naval armaments can be accepted only if the three powers feel that the danger of war has been averted; and since war is an

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instrument of policy, the risk of war can be disregarded only if the state policies of Britain, America, and Japan are harmonized; or, should this prove impossible, if two of those powers make clear to a weaker third that they are united in opposition to a trouble-making policy to which the weaker member of the trio stands committed. Harmony among the three would be best; failing that harmony, the weakest power among the three might be expected to yield rather than fight, if the other two were aligned against her. He says that both British and American interests in the Orient are opposed to a Japanese Monroe Doctrine or Japanese domination over China and Siberia. 'The danger does not lie in Britain siding with Japan against America, but in British efforts to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds.' He concludes with: —

One disadvantage of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance that leaps to the alien eye at such a moment as this, is that it prevents free comment in England concerning these mighty problems pregnant with the fate of Humanity; only a foreigner, writing in a paper which stands more than others for candid speech, can set down in print the patent facts that, if Britain supports Japan in the Far East, naval rivalry will be intensified; if Britain stands aloof and tries to keep in with both sides, naval rivalry cannot be suspended. For the Washington conferences to succeed, Britain must act with America, stand by China, and support the Open Door; then and then only will Japan reconsider her policies, and so make naval-building limitation possible.

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WHITHER ARE WE GOING?

THE London *Morning Post* is publishing a series of articles of more than ordinary merit upon Great Britain's relations with the present world-crisis. The Bishop of London, in one of the best numbers of this series, comments upon the serious religious and moral reaction through which the country is passing. He describes the crowded state of the divorce courts, the growing number of divorces by mutual consent, and also the appalling growth of intoxication. Convictions for drunkenness naturally increased somewhat after the relaxation of war-restrictions. However, more recently, between the middle of August, 1919, and the end of January, 1920, they rose 230 per cent, and the convictions of women alone for this offense rose 124 per cent. Between the end of January and the first of August, 1920, the increase over pre-armistice figures was 249 per cent for the whole population, and 154 per cent for women alone. There has been a slight decline, ascribed to hard times, since last January. Few university men are applying for ordination as clergymen, partly because their parents discourage them from joining a 'poor profession,' and partly because they are attracted by intrinsically more interesting careers.

Bishop Henly Hensen, of Durham, is quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* upon the same subject, as follows: —

I am disposed to think that we are living in an age which consciously and unconsciously rejects religion itself. The seed has fallen upon stony ground. It is an age which is not friendly to Christian character. I think we must be quite honest and acknowledge that the tendencies which are at present prevailing are largely anti-Christian. The works of piety and philanthropy which characterized so great a part of the last century are threatened with failure. The resources of religion, personal and material, are dwindling. And the only movements which attract public sympathy are those which aim at mass-betterment.

Materialism has for the moment triumphed, and its triumph can only work out in destruction. It must always be so. When man rejects his spirit, he perishes. As for the Churches, they must deliver their great message. Christianity is the religion of individuality. It teaches the perfection of the

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individual through unselfish service, but it ever starts with the individual. Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. To ignore the individual beam while attacking the social mote is the world's method, not Christ's. It is the duty of the Churches to deliver this message, and it is no fault of theirs if the nation will not listen. Nothing can be done till England comes to her senses.

The same topic is discussed in the *Daily Express*, where James Douglas writes: —

Over all the land the old gray towers and spires of the churches still bear witness to the faith that has grown cold, but they are empty churches, and their bells no longer summon the good people to tender meditation and to gentle prayer. *England has no time for God.*

There are, it is true, some churches which are not empty, and some which are full. But the empty church is the rule rather than the exception. So is the empty chapel. Never in my lifetime has religion ebbed so low. Never has the spiritual pulse of the nation beat so feebly. I set no value upon the rite of churchgoing as a sign and symbol of moral vitality. Even if all our churches and chapels were closed, we might save our souls alive. But it is the soul of the nation that is empty. *England has no time for God.*

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BROWN BOYS AND YELLOW BOYS

In view of the fact that an application is before Congress to admit a limited number of Chinese laborers into Hawaii, — presumably under indenture, if that is constitutional, — it is interesting to note that the government of China has applied to the government of New Zealand to free the Chinese laborers in Samoa from the indentures under which they are now working. These laborers must be repatriated, unless they are allowed to remain as free workers, under the terms of their original contract.

It illustrates the general unrest among colored workers in the Pacific Islands, that, in spite of the deportation of their leaders, the indentured Indian coolies in Fiji are on strike, and many of the strikers are returning to India. The output of the sugar-plantations will be seriously affected by this trouble.

Indentured labor was employed in Hawaii until 1900, when the 'Provisional Republic' became a territory of the United States. Since free labor has been employed on the plantations, wages have risen from $10 or $12 a month to five or six times that sum — and even more, including bonuses. However, the admission of additional Orientals, as now requested, raises again the whole question of unfree labor — in a form akin to peonage.

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LETTER FROM A RUSSIAN PRISON

Volia Rossii, a paper published in London in the interest of Russians opposing the present Moscow government, prints the following letter from Madame L. Dekatova, a Socialist Revolutionary: —

Dear Comrades, — As you already know, I started the hunger strike on April 25. If my demand is not satisfied, and there is not much hope that it will be satisfied, I shall certainly continue the strike, and I shall take measures not to submit to the horrors of artificial feeding. In my declaration to the Che-ka, I pointed out only one reason of my hunger strike, and that is a personal one — the detention of my husband in prison, already for six weeks, without any reason whatever, and under severe conditions.

But to you I will give another psychological reason, without which there could be no hunger strike, as well as there could hardly be one without the first reason, which gives a certain basis to such a step.

The second reason is this: I, like other Socialists imprisoned in Butyrki, involuntarily became a tool of the most monstrous hypocrisy of the Communist Government.

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We are having here a good time. We are free to move about within the walls of the prison; the authorities interfere with us very little; we are free to speak and to meet each other; we have lectures and concerts. And the various Meshcheriakovs, in enthusiastic articles, tell the world what beautiful prisons there are under the Soviet Government, and how humane and touching is its treatment of their theoretical opponents. And these assertions are believed, because we ourselves also tell the same to the people outside. But here, side by side in the same Moscow, there is the prison of the Che-ka, where prisoners, who are the same Socialists as we, are literally suffocated by the stench of the excrement, by complete absence of air, in cells overcrowded to the utmost — kept in the company of criminals and spies, and eaten up by lice and bugs. And when a pregnant, sick woman, in hysterics, shouts, 'My child is getting suffocated,' breaks the window, and faints, she is deceitfully carried away to a punitive cell, where she is laid down on a bare, stony floor, under the jeers and insults of the chief of the prison, who is a perfect type of jailer of the Tsar's régime.

This, and still worse, is taking place in all Soviet prisons, in the name of the Soviets, of Socialism, of the workmen. You won't find any Meshcheriakov visiting these cells. And when Socialists, in despair, start a hunger strike, they are told: 'That is your own business. You can die. State interests are to us more important than the lives of individuals.' Then they let the hunger strike go on for a fortnight, and afterwards begin to feed artificially. A few of the Socialists are kept in 'Dzershnsky's Sanatorium' for show. It is hard for our comrades to be kept in the real prisons of the Soviets, but it is also painful to us to be in the show prison, kept as a tool of the Communistic hypocrisy. It was my lot to be kept in the prison of the Che-ka, and then to be taken to the Butyrki, but in spirit I am even at present with those who suffer in the real Communistic prisons.

My hunger strike is, then, not only a means of fighting for a personal cause, but also a protest against the insolent hypocrisy of the Communist Government. The personal cause is here combined with the general. If I die, it won't be only for a personal cause, and I want it to be known in case of my death.

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MINOR NOTES

THE New Zealand Court of Appeals has recently decided in a final judgment that as 'the United States has not assumed any of the obligations of the Treaty of Versailles, it cannot claim for itself or its citizens any of the rights conferred by it.' The court thereby denied the claim of a Boston man for patent protection 'in respect of a new safety razor.' The treaty provides for an extension of the time allowed for patent claims where these were delayed on account of the war. Such an extension would have been granted to a German or a Japanese, but it was denied to an American.

COMMENTING upon the reorganization of the United States Shipping Board and the losses which American tax-payers have incurred in this undertaking, the London *Statist* says:—

> Economic conditions in the United Kingdom being what they are, shipping is a necessity with us; but it is a luxury on the other side of the Atlantic. For practical purposes, the United States does not require a mercantile marine at all. It is highly probable that it could get its carrying trade done better and cheaper by foreigners than it could do the work itself. . . . Part of our means of living is by acting as common carriers. We must obtain the bulk both of our food and of our raw materials from places outside these islands. The United States produces at home the bulk of the food and raw material she consumes. She is in the fortunate position, therefore, of having no need to render any services for her food and raw materials except to expend the necessary energy to till her own extensive estate.

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SOUTH AMERICAN CURRENTS. I

BY COLIN ROSS

From *Die Neue Rundschau, July*
(Berlin Liberal Literary Monthly)

It is January, the South American dogdays. But on the *puna* — the Bolivian plateau — snow lies on either side the railway. The station elevations never fall below twelve thousand feet. Not until we pass the Chilean boundary, does the real descent begin. Then we fairly dive down in dizzy curves toward the sea.

Soon the snow is left behind. The cliffs above us are baking in the sunlight. A noble desert country spreads before us, absolutely without vegetation. Compared with these rocky solitudes, the nitrate deserts farther south seem almost cozy and habitable; for though the latter also are destitute of vegetation and animal life, they bear a rich harvest of glittering salt which fructifies many broad acres elsewhere.

So we speed downward in a constant spiral; mountains, ridges, hills, valleys, stone, and sand alternating in quick succession. There is absolutely nothing here that man can use. This is Tacna, formerly a province of Peru, now part of Chile. Much blood has been shed for it, and much blood promises to be shed for it in the future; perhaps it will kindle even a world war.

I stare out of the windows. They remain closed because the hot reddish-yellow dust sifts through and covers everything. So this is Tacna, a name familiar to all the world! And for these sandy deserts two nations stand ever under arms, and a continent trembles on the verge of war!

The more important republics of South America have emerged from the era of border warfare. Argentina and Chile have arbitrated their frontier disputes. Brazil has done the same. Other territorial questions between Bolivia and Paraguay, Peru and Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, are not important enough to fight about.

The latter nations are not excessively friendly; but they are separated by no vital issue. Gradually the idea of South American solidarity and community of interest is gaining ground. Unless a wave of Red agitation sweeps through this part of the world, its people might well look forward to an age of political quiet, of unhampered progress, of growing economic prosperity, did not this unsolved problem of Tacna-Arica ever lurk like the ghost of discord in the background.

The history of the controversy is familiar. Peru lost these provinces, as well as Tarapaca, still farther south, during the Pacific war. But while that country ceded unconditionally the incomparably more valuable southern province, with its saltpetre deposits, — as its ally Bolivia ceded Antofagasta, — the ownership of Tacna and Arica remained unsettled. A vote of their people was to decide whether they should belong to Peru or to Chile.

No such vote was ever taken. The Peruvians insist that Chile has prevented this, in order to colonize the country with her own people before an election is held. The Chileans insist that Peru has delayed action, convinced that a great majority would vote for Chile.

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However that may be, whether Chile is right or not, the Peruvians have talked of Tacna when they meant Tarapaca. Undoubtedly Peru has suffered a certain prejudice through this delay. And it is probably true that Chile might have settled the whole Pacific controversy by a timely renunciation of her claim to these two worthless provinces, and by granting Bolivia a port on the Pacific. But to-day the situation has become more acute, and every year that passes lessens the probability of its peaceful solution.

Worthless provinces, did I say? As the train approaches the coast, it crosses Lluta Valley, where the irrigated lands are green with corn and clover up to the very verge of the yellow sand; and around Tacna and Arica, the only towns in this district, there are olive orchards of some size. But that is all; and the Chileans with whom I talked in Arica told me frankly that the administration of this province costs that government several millions annually.

Why not give up Tacna-Arica? To ask a patriotic Chilean this question is almost to imperil one's life. He will point angrily to the fort which crowns the steep cliff south of the town, and say: 'Chilean blood bought that. Our national honor is at stake. We shall never yield. Tacna and Arica must belong to Chile.'

And the fort itself? Certainly it was no trifling enterprise to capture it. I clambered around the lower approaches of the precipice on which it stands, and narrowly escaped arrest as a spy. The whole vicinity is a carefully guarded fortified area. Why this is so is not apparent; for from the sea it is easy to pick out with the naked eye every armored turret, every great gun. More than that, this fortress, to which the Chileans attach such strategic importance that they sometimes base their whole claim to Tacna-Arica upon it, is to-day practically valueless for military purposes. Any modern fleet could blow it to pieces in a few hours; while a mobile battery of heavy guns concealed among the sand-dunes, and able to change its position at will, could easily keep hostile warships at a distance.

But if the retention of this fortress is a matter of national honor on the one side, it is a breeder of national hatred on the other. Peruvian accounts relate that the Chileans threw their helpless Peruvian prisoners over the cliffs; and a cross is still pointed out which the Peruvians have erected to their memory in the neighboring cemetery.

I do not know whether this and the other reports of Chilean atrocities, which the Peruvians relate, are as exaggerated as those of the German atrocities in Belgium. But the evil lies here: such stories have the same effect upon the human mind as if they were true.

They are believed, and therefore these nations hate each other. Tacna-Arica is a promoter of war in South America, as Alsace-Lorraine was in Europe. And the question is complicated by the fact that it affects more countries than Chile and Peru.

First comes Bolivia. When that republic lost Antofagasta, she was deprived not only of valuable saltpetre-mines, but also of access to the sea. This country's government has ceded territory right and left throughout its history. All its neighbors — Chile, Peru, Brazil, Argentina, and even little Paraguay — have annexed parts of its domain, until to-day it has but a third its former area. At the time Antofagasta was ceded by the Treaty of Ancón, Bolivia was so backward that her rulers failed to realize the importance of free access to the sea. Since then conditions in that country have changed radically. Not only have her people learned the necessity of an ocean out-

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let; but all its neighbors likewise recognize this necessity.

Bolivia seemed about to obtain what she desired, through a peaceful agreement with Chile, — although at the cost of a future dispute with Peru, — when her recent revolution upset those plans, and ranged her again on the side of her ancient ally.

Both Peru and Bolivia thereupon decided to appeal to the League of Nations for the enforcement of the Treaty of Ancón. But that appeal was predestined to prove fruitless. No league of nations can settle a purely American question so long as the United States is absent. In the nature of the case one of the parties will be dissatisfied with any decision which may be made. I have discussed the subject with a number of South American statesmen. Saavadia, President of Bolivia, believes that no stone will be left unturned to settle the harbor problem; but a war does not appeal to him as a likely way to accomplish this. Alessandri, President of Chile, believes that it is a purely business proposition. Irigoyen, Argentina's shrewd, far-sighted executive, refused to commit himself, since Argentina has avoided taking sides in the Pacific issue. If any country can arbitrate this dispute, it is Argentina — on the assumption, of course, that she confers with Brazil and the United States before giving her decision. Unless we have some such adjudication, there is little hope of avoiding a second Pacific war. The negotiations at Geneva merely revived old antagonisms, exciting hopes here and fears there, and passions everywhere.

This controversy, even if it culminates in war, would hardly interest Europe, did it not threaten to involve all South America. The first gun fired on the Pacific may become a second Serajevo incident.

Argentina and Brazil will in this case hold the fate of South America in their hands. The former country sympathizes strongly with Peru. There is a society in Buenos Aires called by the significant name: 'For the Peace of South America and the Rights of Peru.' Moreover, in spite of their constant professions of friendship, many conflicts of interest exist between Argentina and Chile.

On the other hand, Brazil is Chile's ally, and Argentina's keenest rival. Each seeks to become the leading power in South America. Differences of race and language increase their antagonism. The citizen of Rio never forgives his neighbor of Buenos Aires for the insulting term *caboclo*, which the latter applies to him as a monkey-like half-breed.

Consequently, were either of these two governments to become involved in a Pacific conflict, the other one would immediately range itself upon the opposite side. If Argentina and Brazil fight, Uruguay and Paraguay cannot remain neutral. The first is hostile to Argentina; the latter is already involved in boundary controversies with Bolivia.

More important yet would be the attitude of the Great Powers. Let me say in advance, that I am very skeptical as to a war between America and Japan, with or without England's participation. Nevertheless, in appraising the situation in South America we cannot leave out of sight these sources of friction.

Not only has the United States important economic interests in Peru, but she is the outspoken protector of that country. On the other hand, Chile is hostile to the North American Republic. Not long ago she definitely and courageously rejected any intervention of Washington in the Pacific conflict. The common people hate the Yankees so bitterly, that the visit of an American

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warship is dreaded at Santiago and Valparaiso, lest it cause bloody riots between the populace and the American sailors.

On the other hand, England is a strong supporter of Chile, and has assisted the latter country very recently to strengthen her navy and its aeroplane service. Furthermore, Chile is paying court to Japan, as the enthusiastic reception recently given to the Mikado's naval vessels indicated.

Not only do we face the possibility that the Great Powers may be drawn into a South American war involuntarily, but we must bear in mind the chance that they will intentionally employ Peru and Chile as pawns upon the world's political chessboard, as the Balkan states were used in Europe.

Naturally the possibility exists that an American war, eventually developing into a world war, may start in Central America. When I was last in the United States, in the spring of 1914, the imperialists of that country were already talking of carrying the starry banner as far south as the Panama Canal. I am inclined to think that such designs are likely to be strengthened by world war and the recent Republican victory. The whole history of the Union is one continuous record of expansion southward into former Spanish territories, which are now completely assimilated; and I predict that this process may continue through what is left of independent Mexico and Central America.

It would be no task at all for the United States to seize these territories. Its army would have to fight a protracted guerrilla war in the Mexican mountains; but the outcome would be merely a question of time and money. The real obstacle lies elsewhere. During the late war the popularity of the Yankees in South America was not increased. Were they to invade the Spanish-speaking countries south of them, the latent hostility of South America would produce unpleasant economic results — presumably culminating in a general boycott of North American goods.

So the United States can hardly afford to invade Mexico until conditions in that country become so chaotic that such action will be generally commended as promoting order and liberty. Now the Americans have taken the greatest pains, since the overthrow of Porfirio Diaz, to bring about just such a situation. No revolution has occurred in Mexico which cannot be traced to its northern neighbor, or where at least the trail of the dollar is not found. The last time I was in Washington, an American journalist said to me frankly: 'It is merely a question of cost whether a Mexican government is overthrown or not.' When Huerta did not prove plastic enough to please the Yankees, they substituted Carranza for him. When the latter gentleman was recalcitrant in the matter of oil-concessions, they set up Obregon in his place.

Despite these successful manœuvres, however, an American invasion would be a risky thing. In fact, there is only one situation which would justify Washington's aggression in the eyes of South America — the rise in Mexico of a soviet government.

Beyond question every recent Mexican revolution has had Bolsheviki behind it, or at least forces which could plausibly be described as Bolshevist. Now, should the Mexicans set up a dictatorship of the proletariat, whether of their own accord or in response to Yankee intrigue, it would give the Americans a splendid excuse to seize the country without protest from Latin America; for if there is anything which is intensely feared in Rio, in Buenos Aires, in Santiago, and in Lima, it is the Bolshevist infection. Those capi-

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tals would readily reconcile themselves to letting the Yankees quarantine them against it.

However, this would be playing with fire, in view of the fact that there is already so much Bolshevist agitation among American workers. Moreover, such an invasion might prejudice Japanese and English interests. The latter are particularly strong at Tampico. This would be all the more likely if the American forces were to receive some unexpected check, as the British did in the Boer War.

So, in scanning the political horizon of America, as well as of Europe, we find every foreign and domestic problem interwoven with the social problem. It is quite possible that an international conflict will be precipitated in Spanish America by some great labor uprising, and it is also possible that a war in America will be the cause of a class insurrection there.

No sooner had the Spanish won their independence than political power fell into the hands of little oligarchies. A small number of old native families parceled out the government jobs among themselves; or rather, being unable to do thisamicably, they fell to fighting over public offices, so that revolts and revolutions followed each other in quick succession.

This is the basis upon which the political structure of South America was erected. Public life and public offices were the monopoly of a limited class. For the masses of the people it was a matter of utter indifference which party was in power. In Latin America these parties are for the most part personal. Even in the most modern and advanced governments, parties based on programmes are in their infancy. Every Argentine radical, though he may live in a garret or a cellar and be unable to read and write, knows that Hipolito Irigoyen is his party chief. But were you to inquire the ideals and objects of the party, of even the more intelligent members, many would be at a loss for an answer.

A voter's loyalty to his party and to his candidates is based on the hope of securing a job. For the victors to take the spoils is such a universal custom that it has almost become a legal precedent. A tremendous sensation was caused when Arturo Alessandri, after his election as President of Chile, refused to observe it. A party supporter who had labored actively for his election demanded a job as payment for his services. Alessandri refused him in a letter which was published in *Mercurio*, in which he vigorously denounced this custom.

The old oligarchy was able to rule under the forms of a democracy by the following devices: restricted suffrage, corrupting election officials, intimidation, cheating, and buying votes. These methods still prevail in many South American countries. Argentina alone has universal suffrage and pure elections, and it has had them only a few years. It owes them to the efforts of Sainz Peña, Irigoyen's predecessor in the presidential chair. His new electoral law put his own party, the Conservatives, out of office; but it saved his country from a revolution.

The oligarchical system of government in South America inevitably has a second outcome: periodical revolutions. There is an eternal rotation of similar episodes: the misgovernment of the party in power becomes unendurable, and popular discontent explodes in a revolution which overthrows the government. The victorious insurgents, who are often only an aggregation of the discontented elements, put new men in office and correct the worst abuses. For a time everybody is satisfied except the ousted officials, who are shot, imprisoned, or exiled. As time

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goes on, however, the opposition grows in strength; it becomes harder to manage. The party in power resorts to violence and terror, and thus invites its own eventual overthrow.

Although this system of government often produces tyrannical dictators, the traditions of the French Revolution so far hold sway as to compel the observance of democratic forms and the fiction of popular liberty. The Argentine *gauchos* fought heroically under their infamous dictator, Rosas, and the people of Paraguay fought under their tyrant, Lopes, until they were almost exterminated — in each case under the banner of 'Independence and Freedom.' Furthermore, the customs and manners of the people in private life are democratic; so that even republics ruled by an oligarchy appear on the surface more democratic than truly free governments on a much higher plane of social evolution.

Under this oligarchical régime patriarchal economic feudalism prevails, ranging all the way from the mildest form of serfdom to outright slavery. The forms which this labor relationship assumes in South and Central America are most varied, and are governed largely by the amount of colored blood in the lower classes. While the Argentine *estanciero* still is measurelessly above his peons in social rank and legal privileges, and occupies a most enviable position in the eyes of a European employer, he associates with his laborers after work on a footing of complete equality, as a gentleman among gentlemen. While the servant recognizes his master as his *patrón*, he would retaliate for a blow from him with a knife-thrust.

On the other hand, in many parts of Chile and Brazil the owner of a great estate might venture to use corporeal punishment on his laborers, and in Bolivia the *haciendero* has a right recognized by law thus to punish his Indian dependents.

Such a society, in which the masses of the people, even under the most favorable conditions, receive only enough to keep them alive, while politically privileged land-owners receive huge revenues, can survive only so long as the people are ignorant and illiterate, means of communication are primitive, and enlightenment cannot enter from abroad. Consequently the forces to which South America owes its rapid development, and its ruling classes in no small degree their fabulous fortunes, — immigration, railways, and foreign capital, — have undermined the political monopoly of the old governing families. To-day both oligarchical government and patriarchal control of labor are on the decline. You find them intact only in remote countries, like Bolivia, and even there modern currents are astir. On the other hand, traces of them still survive even in the most modern republics, and indeed show greater vitality than one might imagine.

Throughout the continent the oligarchy is engaged in a life-and-death struggle to maintain its privileges. Even where it has been overthrown, it is still vigorous and hopes to recover its old advantages. This struggle was at first exclusively political; but it is gradually expanding into a social struggle. The situation is still further complicated by the fact that modern capitalism has flooded South America within a few years, superimposing itself most inharmoniously upon the former patriarchal system. A Chilean public man said to me: 'In the same way that we have suddenly jumped from a primitive mechanical civilization to a modern mechanical civilization, dropping our brush-hooks and wooden ploughs to mount automobile tractors, so we are clearing several centuries at a

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bound in our political development. We have neither majority Socialists nor Independent Socialists, nor any middle parties. As soon as our serfs up at the mines and the saltpetre works get a glimmering of Socialist ideas, they go over bag and baggage to the Bolsheviki.'

In all large industrial cities of South America, like Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires, there are to be found among the working people radical Socialists, Bolsheviki, and Anarchists. Still every Latin-American republic remains up to the present overwhelmingly a farming and grazing country; so that, however radical the agitation in industrial centres may be, it is much less important than the Socialist movements occurring among the rural population.

(To be concluded)

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE ABC STATES

BY DR. ALBERT HAAS

From *Deutsche Politik, July 2*
(German Nationalist Weekly)

The foreign policy of the American republics began with their declarations of independence. Those were documents of protest against the contemporary colonial policy of Europe, which treated territories conquered and settled in the New World as mere dependencies of their mother-country. Both England and Spain considered their oversea settlers people of inferior status, to be ruled solely in the political interest of Europe, and to be exploited for the profit of the home-country.

Their common grievances and abuses gave the American nations similar domestic and foreign policies. In spite of differences of climate, race, temperament, civilization, religion, and political tradition, all the governments of the Western Hemisphere belong to a class by themselves. All of them, without exception, have passed through the same stages of political and economic development, and such differences as do exist among them are caused by the fact that some have advanced further than their neighbors along this common path.

To understand political conditions in the American republics, it is desirable first of all to impress the analogies in their history upon our minds. The people of the United States secured their independence by a protracted war late in the eighteenth century; their descendants look back upon this period as the heroic age of their country; the citizens of the young Republic long cherished an intense dislike for their defeated mother-land; and the ideals of France and the French Revolution exercised a strange glamour over them for a generation or more. A little later the people of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America reacted in precisely the same way, though with different degrees of intensity, toward the European nations to which they owe their origin. George Washington is honored as the Father of his Country in the

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United States. Belgrano, San Martin, and Simon Bolivar are similarly honored in South America. And the hostility toward the former mother-country, which lingered so long in the United States, is only now beginning to disappear in the republics of Spanish America.

After their wars of independence, an era ensued in both the United States and in Latin-American nations, when their people were absorbed in the task of consolidating their domestic affairs and fixing their frontiers. Since all pioneer peoples are prone to direct action and self-help, most of these conflicts were naturally settled by force of arms. To be sure, the people of the United States inherit from their English forbears remarkable political self-restraint and coolheadedness. Nevertheless, it took a bloody civil war to settle their constitutional controversies and to ensure the ascendency of the central government over the individual states. The people of the Union have always been inclined, by both political tradition and spontaneous sympathies, to secure such accessions of territory as they desired by treaty rather than by force. In spite of that, however, they owe an important part of their national domain to a successful war against their Mexican neighbors.

The history of the other American governments is very similar. It is hardly necessary to point out the weighty rôle that revolutions and civil wars have played in the domestic history of those countries. Either in connection with these domestic frays, or independently of them, nearly every Central and South American state has fought bloody wars with its neighbors over boundary disputes. It is sufficient to cite a single example — the last war which Chile fought with Peru and Bolivia, which ended with a still unsettled territorial controversy. Argentina fought Brazil in 1827 and 1828, until the conflict was ended by erecting Uruguay as a buffer state between them.

The emergence of the American nations from this pioneer period of evolution, during which they were absorbed mainly in domestic problems and in controversies with their next-door neighbors, was signalized by the Washington government suddenly appearing on the world-stage as — by reason of its immense resources and political prestige — the most powerful member in the consortium of nations. True to type, the South American governments, especially the so-called ABC states, — Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, — are following in the footsteps of their Northern neighbor. They have come forward with a policy no longer determined, as formerly, by hereditary hostility to their mother-country, but by definite political and economic aims and a new consciousness of their weight in the community of nations. To be sure, these governments still draw a sharp line between European and American questions. But they no longer do this for the purpose of protecting themselves against the colonizing and subjugating ambition of the European powers. Rather, Pan-American policies have passed from a defensive to an offensive pose. In order to ensure themselves a free hand in dealing with European questions, the American governments demand that no European power shall presume to concern itself with questions of purely American importance.

Inasmuch as the people of the Union were the first American nation to plunge into world-politics, they needed only to settle things with Europe, which they did in a most thorough manner. It was not necessary for them to take into consideration their Latin-American neighbors, except to make sure that they would meet no opposition

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from them, and if possible would receive their support.

However, the South American powers must first come to a definite understanding with their North American neighbor, before they can make overtures outside of their continent. That explains the origin of the A B C entente. In 1914, when American troops were landed at Vera Cruz, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, the most progressive and powerful nations of Latin America, volunteered to intercede for Mexico at Washington. In that instance, however, the issue between the two North American republics was settled in another manner.

This emergency A B C entente, which never attained the solidity of an alliance, fell to pieces during the World War. The policies of these three governments during that great struggle, as well as those of the other Latin-American states, were shaped in no small degree by Washington, though sentimental ties between them and Europe — especially France — also played a part.

Beyond any question, Brazil became the enemy of Germany in the World War because of her sincere love for France. The Brazilians are not only a very intelligent, but, above all, a very intellectual nation. They are likely to be influenced in political questions by artistic and literary influences. The Brazilians believed that the existence of France, and through France of civilization itself, was threatened by the war. Therefore they thought themselves morally obligated to do their part to save Paris as the intellectual capital of the globe. We may dispute the facts upon which this opinion is based, but the opinion itself must be reckoned with. France devoted decades of persistent, painstaking labor to winning the hearts of the Brazilians, at a time when Germany was indifferent to the advisability of presenting her own cultural and intellectual claims to that nation.

Moreover, the oratorical and emotional temperament of the French is more akin to that of the Brazilians than is our own. Germany was looked upon as the land of specialists, of practical common sense, and of heartlessness. Brazilians were strengthened in this opinion by the attitude of North America. They felt themselves in a sense dignified by their equal status with their big brothers in the North, when they joined them in declaring war on Germany. Furthermore, it certainly was no argument against such action that Portugal had previously taken the same course. For any antipathy to the mother-land which may have existed in Brazil was comparatively mild, and for this reason the eventual separation of the colony from the old country came later than in the case of its neighbors, and almost without a conflict.

Conditions were radically different in Argentina, where the people are of entirely different fibre. Even there, oratorical and emotional culture plays a weighty rôle, and its devotees have fought with tooth and nail to win support for France. But, side by side with this, diametrically opposite mental attitudes and cultural currents of great power exist in Argentina. Its people are generally more matter-of-fact, hard-headed, and unemotional than their Brazilian neighbors. A distinguished Brazilian author wrote not long ago that the intellectual life of the Argentine was characterized by 'naturalness and simplicity of style.' This may seem an odd expression to us Germans, whose minds deal almost exclusively with facts and their technical significance, and who disregard or despise mere style. But the Argentine temperament, as exhibited in many of the nation's thinkers and statesmen,

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is even more matter-of-fact than the characterization just quoted might suggest. Its leaders demand that everything shall yield to facts, and that a strictly scientific discipline shall take the place of what they call *civilización verbal* — word-culture. This does not mean repudiating all the graces of the intellect, but insisting that the thinkers and orators of the nation shall constantly keep their feet on the ground.

We have this attitude to thank for the high esteem in which German learning and science are held in Argentina, particularly by army officers, physicians, and educators. The army officers, who have always regarded Germany as the great authority in their profession, number in their ranks many of the most eminent intellectual leaders of the land. They have not only studied our military literature, but they are usually intimately familiar with German thought in other fields. I recall being seated at a banquet next to an Argentine general, who discoursed for more than an hour upon the free rhythm of Goethe's lyrics. Another general, on a similar occasion, gave me a critical bibliography of all the translations of Heine's works in the Spanish language. All Argentine officers are aware that Germany's former greatness was due more to the general intellectual attainments of her military leaders, her administrators, her philosophers, her scholars, and her poets, than to the professional excellence of her recruits, officers, and engineers.

Argentine physicians and educators are equally aware of the true elements of Germany's greatness. But they are forced by circumstances to use more French than German textbooks in their work. This is due, however, to the fact that German publishers have not consulted the needs of South American students and scholars, while Frenchmen have written books especially for South American use, some of which are published by local firms.

Added to this intellectual influence, which is naturally confined to a comparatively narrow circle, is an extraordinarily important political condition. Originally the Argentine Republic, like other Latin-American countries, was a feudal state in an economic as well as in a political sense. The Spaniards and Portuguese did not exterminate the Indians in the territories they conquered. Consequently, fifty years ago all South America consisted of immense estates. The white race owned the arable land, which was cultivated in an indifferent way by laborers of mixed blood, who were practically serfs. Argentina is the first Latin-American country to free itself from this old system. Its energetic white natives, reinforced by numerous immigrants, have grown into an independent middle class, which has successfully dethroned the great estate-owners and seized the reins of power. For several decades now, the Republic has been a white man's country. It has established equal suffrage and the secret ballot, and thus put the Radicals in office. The new middle class, which has thus gained the upper hand over the old patricians, has repudiated, together with their rule, the political and literary ideology which the old oligarchy had borrowed from France.

Brazil has developed a middle class much more slowly than Argentina, on account of the large negro population. This explains why her intellectual patriciate still clings to power, and maintains its old French sympathies, while an overwhelming majority of the Argentineans are 'one-hundred-per-cent American.' The latter are ready to accept whatever Europe has to offer in the way of civilization and culture which suits their special needs. But they refuse to do homage to any single coun-

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try. This Argentine independence of thought, this Americanism, this feeling that they possess a distinct national character and distinct national interests, caused them to conduct themselves toward Washington during the war, not as a mere imitator, but as a nation freely choosing its own course.

This Argentine and American sentiment has a clear-headed and far-sighted representative in the President, Dr. Hipolito Irigoyen. Naturally that gentleman is still the centre of a violent political controversy. Many of the charges which his enemies bring against him, especially those relating to his administrative failures, are apparently well grounded. Nevertheless, he will leave an indelible mark upon the history of his country for two reasons. He introduced secret ballot, and he cleared the way for an independent Spanish-American foreign policy.

Dr. Alessandri, the new President of Chile, occupies a position very similar to that of the Argentine executive. He represents precisely the same classes in his own country that are represented by the Radical Party now in power in Argentina. His foreign policy is determined equally by purely American motives, and wholly without regard to European partialities and influences.

During the storm of the last few years, the entente which existed among these three countries — though in a loose and formless way — has vanished. The important question now is, whether it will be revived. Three dominant factors will probably decide this: the liquidation of the World War, the strength of the sentiment of community among all Latin-American countries, and the relation of the latter to the United States.

With reference to the liquidation of the war, every country in South America is suffering acutely from the world-wide political and economic crisis caused by the unsatisfactory peace settlements. Hand in hand with the resentment which this naturally produces is a deep moral conviction that France and her present policies are largely responsible for the present situation. Brazil, the only one of the ABC states which actually entered the war against us, has been deeply offended by the attitude of France in regard to the German vessels that she seized. South America still regards the French literature and language as the first in the world. But it draws a sharp distinction between intellectual France and official France. It applauds with enthusiasm Anatole France, who belongs to the Communist Party, Henri Barbusse, who edits the supplement of *Humanité*, the official Communist organ, and Romain Rolland — all three of whom it exalts far above Marshal Foch. The feverish propaganda which France is now conducting everywhere in the Western Hemisphere is not producing the slightest effect on this sentiment. Propaganda is all right when things are going your way; but it is helpless in face of disagreeable economic facts and spontaneous intellectual passions.

While this political alienation from France is strengthening the influence of the United States in Latin America, future relations with Washington will depend entirely upon the latter's policy toward its 'little brothers.' During the war the North Americans conducted a most grandiose propaganda throughout the Southern continent. They started out with boundless enthusiasm to win the markets of those countries. But they seemed even more intent upon comprehending the Latin-American temperament and winning the affections of their neighbors. Never were the intellectual and social movements of these younger countries so zealously and sympathetically studied

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as they were in the United States. The results of all this have been considerable.

On the other hand, however, we must not overlook the fact that the more completely the English-speaking and the Spanish-speaking nations of the Western Hemisphere divest themselves of the traditions and characteristics of their colonial origin, the less they will have in common. The contrast between Catholicism and Protestantism, or, more accurately, between Puritanism, with its cold-headed, calculating attitude toward the world, and the artistic, enthusiastic Southern temperament; between self-discipline and fore-reckoning will-power and irresistible impulse, runs through the very nerve and fibre of the two American races. We must also bear in mind that, wherever the two come in contact, conflicts of interest as well as communities of interest are created. The South American instinctively feels that he always gets the worst of the bargain whenever he does business with his shrewd, hard-headed North American neighbors. He is, therefore, shy of dealings with them, and prefers his own easy-going, slower methods of doing business. We have an illustration of this in the respective attitudes of Argentina and the United States toward the Geneva Assembly of the League of Nations. The latter country, comprehending clearly its concrete economic interests, would have nothing to do with the League from the first. Argentina withdrew from the Assembly the moment an incident occurred which violated her ideal interests, her sense of dignity and self-respect.

We may expect President Harding's assumption of office to introduce a new era in the foreign policies of his country. Under Woodrow Wilson, the relation of the United States to Europe almost monopolized public attention. This compelled the other states of the Western Hemisphere to adopt a similar attitude. Probably a change will occur in view of Wilson's repudiation by his fellow citizens at the last election. Harding suggested this in his campaign speeches. The controversy between Panama and Costa Rica calls for a definite choice between the League of Nations and the Monroe Doctrine idea, in which we may expect Washington's traditional policy to take precedence.

Simultaneously, public opinion in Latin America is drifting in the same direction. But while sentiment there is growing more averse to the League, it is also crystallizing in a more definite demand for full equality with the United States. Rumor has it that the new President of Chile plans a visit to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, to discuss a resumption of the A B C policy. Chile's attitude toward both European and North American affairs will continue to be thoroughly South American. It will oppose with equal resolution the intervention of Europe in America and the intervention of the United States in South America. Consequently, it is very likely that the foreign policy of the Latin-American countries, especially of the A B C states, is on the threshhold of a vigorous, independent, and new development.

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MEXICO REVISITED

BY WILLY DREYFUS

From *Frankfurter Zeitung Wochenblatt, June* 8
(Radical Liberal Weekly)

For the first time, after traveling several thousand miles through the United States, I am reminded of the obstacles we constantly meet when journeying through Europe. We come to a customs boundary. The three hours we lose during the examination is a minor matter, considering the great distances we have to traverse. The border official asks me curtly: 'Is that a Prussian passport?' It is probably the first time he has ever seen one. After me follows a Mexican, with a wife and ten children. The official makes no effort to identify the twelve members of the family by the photographs attached to their passports, but passes them on mere enumeration.

Laredo, Texas, on the American side of the frontier, is separated from Nuevo Laredo in Mexico by the Rio Grande, which is here as wide as the Rhine at Mayence, although at times so shallow that one can almost wade across it. The train halts midway over the steel bridge, and passengers who have no Mexican visées are sent back. When we reach the railway station at Nuevo Laredo, we understand at once why this formality occurs on the bridge. Tickets are sold, luggage examined, and all the other business is transacted in ridiculously inadequate quarters, half-lighted by a few miserable electric bulbs. The room is crowded with tanned Mexicans in shirt-sleeves and high riding-boots, their revolvers hanging handily from their belts; with beggars wrapped in filthy, ragged blankets; with untidy tousle-haired women, and half-naked children.

Here, where I least expected it, I begin to hear German. The speakers are German-Americans of San Antonio, who are joyously improving the opportunity of being away from home to converse again in their mother-tongue.

Fully an hour and a half elapsed before the examination of our luggage was completed and we were again ready to start. It seemed at first as if the few examiners would never finish their task; but though slow, they seemed to be thorough and reliable. Promptly to the moment — no small surprise to a person who has not yet recovered from his first impression of Mexico — the train started, and our thirty-six hours' journey to the capital was made practically on schedule.

Mexico City has an incomparable situation and climate. It lies at a height of nearly 8000 feet, in the middle of a broad plateau enclosed by lofty mountains. The sun shines practically every day of the year, and from November to May an umbrella is never necessary.

More than three quarters of the natives of the city are of Indian descent. They seldom wear overcoats in winter or summer, but during the cooler hours of the morning and evening they carry *serapes*, or brightly-figured blankets, slit in the middle to go over the head. Even in December and January, summer warmth prevails at midday. The natives wear broad-brimmed, conical straw hats the year through, and these,

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together with their bright *serapes*, produce a most picturesque effect.

In spite of ten years of almost constant revolution, which has left deep traces in the city as well as elsewhere, the capital retains all the appearance and mannerisms of a great metropolis. You can buy any luxury or necessity that you will find in Paris, London, or New York, including German soaps, perfumery, books, and machinery, at reasonable prices. The better streets have asphalt pavements. Electric trams run regularly, and there are numerous restaurants, one of which is owned and managed harmoniously by a Berlin chef and a Paris chef. But the hotels are not above criticism. Even before the revolution, the city was not overwell-provided in this respect, and several have closed, or are badly run down, as a result of that disturbance. Places of public entertainment are numerous. The movies are as crowded as everywhere else in the world, and American jazz bands have brought this latest product of modern culture to the Mexicans.

Although the streets and highways outside of the centre of the city are often in miserable condition, both private automobiles and taxi-cabs are numerous. Before the war, French machines were common; but the Americans now monopolize the market. In fact, the local word for taxicab is 'Ford.' Few of the modern public buildings are to be compared with the structures erected in the Golden Age of Spanish power and culture. The wonderful climate has preserved many old churches and palaces which date back to the Conqueror, even though little attention has been paid to their repair. The museums and ruins exhibit many survivals of the old native civilizations.

If one would learn to comprehend the soul of a nation, he should watch it not only at work, but also at play. Experts dispute whether Mexico City or Barcelona has the largest bull-ring in the world, but no one questions that the ring in Mexico will accommodate 30,000 spectators. During the revolution, the Mexicans were deprived of their favorite sport, which has been resumed only since last November. According to reliable estimates, during the past few months more than 20,000 watches have been pawned in the city to get money to buy admission tickets.

The day I attended, every place was taken, for two of the most famous *toreros*, the Mexican Gaora and the Spaniard Sanches Mejias, were to exhibit their art. The indescribably repulsive and yet fascinating spectacle began promptly on the minute, the only thing in Mexico to do so.

An hour from Mexico City, at the foot of the giant range of mountains which surrounds it, lie the village and lake of Xochimilco. Pleasure-seekers from the capital resort there every Sunday. Narrow canals many kilometres long connect the village and the lake. Countless canoes, adorned with greenery and flowers, dot their waters. Everything is primitive, and yet merry and colorful. Simple places of refreshment line the canal, most of which have a dancing-floor with a strip of awning to keep off the sun. Little canoes glide between larger boats, carrying tiny stoves upon which Xochimilco women are cooking native dainties. One sees the whole process of making *tortillas*, from the mixing of the dough to the turning in the pan and the delivery to the customer, all which operations are performed with the naked hands of the seller. And Mexicans are not fussy about clean hands.

Abundant provision is made for the thirsty. The national drink of the Mexicans is *pulque*, the fermented juice of the century plant. It is a powerful intoxicant. At night the natives wend their way back to the city over-ballast-

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ed with this seductive beverage. They sway along in groups of five or six, locked arm in arm to preserve their equilibrium. *Pulque* has banished all the cares and sorrows of the world for them.

A broad boulevard more than a mile long, called the Paseo de la Reforma, leads from the centre of the city to the castle and park of Chapultepec. For a moment I felt that I was back again in Europe. The Paseo is lined with sumptuous residences, which remind one of the Avenue du Bois, and the castle itself is not unlike the seat of one of our noblemen or princes. It has been the official residence of the Mexican president since the day of Porfirio Diaz; but its memories go back to the reign of Maximilian, more than fifty years ago. He and his wife, the unhappy Empress Charlotte, decorated and furnished its apartments in the style of the second empire. Most of the furniture was a gift from Napoleon III. To-day the guide shows you respectfully things which belonged to the royal pair. Scarcely an object which they used has been moved from its place. President Obregon, the present head of the state, avoids these formal apartments, and lives in a smaller dwelling near the castle proper. The only structural change since Maximilian's death is a bowling-alley installed in the dining salon by Madero. This alley is so arranged that it can be easily converted into a ball-room. The view from the castle terrace is incomparable. I do not know another prospect more enchanting than the one from this point over the city and its encircling range of lofty snow-capped peaks.

From 1877 to 1911 Porfirio Diaz, still known by the natives as Don Porfirio, ruled the land in peace and prosperity. Railroads were built, irrigation systems extended, and many attractive government buildings erected. Public finances and a banking system were put on a sound basis, banditry practically disappeared, and some attempt was even made at general sanitation. In fact, compulsory bathing was instituted for a time, but had to be given up because the poor natives were so unfamiliar with water that several died from pneumonia after the experiment.

However, old Don Porfirio, in spite of his eminent services to his country, was forced to abdicate and go into exile when he was eighty years old. At once the instability of Mexico's political system was revealed. Ambitious generals and politicians began to fight for power, and the industrial and cultural progress of the previous reign was at once imperiled. Only after ten years of fighting was comparative tranquillity restored. The battles extended even to the capital, and at one time hostile forces faced each other for fourteen days, in the very midst of the city, carrying on a petty warfare all along their front. In spite of the bitter hatred that reigned among these factions, they invariably ceased hostilities for breakfast, dinner, and supper, in order that the civil population might have an opportunity to make necessary purchases.

Mexico has not remained immune to Bolshevist infection. Moreover, the regular government has adopted measures, such as requisitioning the gold reserves of the banks, seizing private railways, and issuing worthless paper money, which are hardly to be distinguished from the practices of the Bolsheviki. However, radical theorists were decisively defeated at the time the last constitution was adopted. The present government is mainly concerned with encouraging the resumption of foreign trade, regulating currency, and developing the natural resources of the country.

Revolutionary commanders experimented with enough methods of raising

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revenue to furnish material for a dozen doctors' theses. After trying almost every kind of paper money known in history, the country has at last returned to a specie basis. When Obregon assumed the presidency, the revolutionary era ended — at least, for the time being. The new head of the government did not shirk his share in the revolutionary fighting, as the loss of his right arm testifies. He is a man of humble birth, a native of a remote district in the north. His appearance at once wins one's confidence and respect. He looks one straight in the eye and inspires spontaneous trust.

All the hopes of the country are centred upon Obregon. But his task is a gigantic one. He has addressed himself to it with great zeal, and apparently with wise understanding of his nation's political and economic needs. No reasonable man can expect him to repair at once the ruin of ten years' revolution. His principal tasks, the restoration of the public finances, the return of the railways to their owners, the reform of the currency, an agreement for compensating those who lost their property during the late disorders, and last, but not least, resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States, are by no means light ones.

It is a delicate matter to attempt to describe the relations between the United States and Mexico. Both parties exhibit a sensitiveness on this subject which verges on the neurotic; and a German is the last person in the world who ought to express an opinion. As everyone knows, diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico were broken off when Madero was assassinated. However, American consuls continued to perform their duties even during the worst period of the revolution. Mexico has been trying for several years to restore normal intercourse. America's participation in the war shoved its relations with its southern neighbor into the background, and so long as the larger problems of Europe held the stage, the affairs of the latter country had to wait.

Two classes of obstacles — some practical, the others theoretical — stand in the way of the speedy restoration of good relations between the two governments. During the last few years a vast amount of American capital has been invested in the Mexican petroleum industry. Americans own vast tracts of oil land which have not yet been developed. The new Mexican Constitution provides that all undeveloped mineral resources shall cease to be the property of the owner of the ground which contains them. This constitutional provision is retroactive. Americans have protested against it, so far as it affects their interests. Minor differences exist over compensation for the losses suffered by Americans during the revolution.

The more theoretical aspect of the matter is involved in the desire of the United States to have all these points settled before it recognizes Obregon's government. The latter insists, however, that until it is recognized, it cannot make treaties. But this last difficulty will probably disappear as soon as the concrete main points at issue are settled.

Notwithstanding all this, American tourists are flocking to Mexico City. Most of them say they come down to see the beauties of the country. However, one wonders how candid they are, when one finds them besieging the government bureaus.

The Pullman Company is doing its best to further the pacific penetration of Mexico by Americans. One finds its cars on all the important railway lines. The Railway Administration has accomplished the miracle of maintaining regular and efficient service, in spite of

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the damage and losses of ten years of civil war, during which there was practically no new investment in equipment or roadbeds.

The state apartment in the National Palace, where foreign ambassadors are received, is adorned with great oil paintings of men important in history, particularly in Mexico's history. Among them is the portrait of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide, President Juarez, George Washington, and, on either side of the president's dais, Charles V, and Wilhelm II. This last mark of respect strikes a German visitor most pleasantly. The portrait of the former Kaiser, in its place of honor, testifies to the admiration that the Mexicans felt for German progress, industry, and enterprise. That sentiment still continues. It comes as a surprise to a man who has found his native land reviled and condemned on every hand, to learn there is a country where Germany still holds its former high place in public esteem.

To be sure we can give Mexico little in our own present distress, but the fact that we are treated there on an equality with the subjects and citizens of other countries is itself a great encouragement. As soon as local conditions improve, and the world-wide depression begins to lift, Germany will find in that republic a free and fertile field for her enterprise.

SPAIN'S MISCARRIED REVOLUTION

BY FRANCISCO GRANDMONTAGNE

[*Spain's subsequent history has obscured the fact that one of the first efforts to vindicate popular liberties in modern Europe occurred in that country. Had the 'comuneros' been successful, the political development of the Western World might have taken a different and a happier course.*]

From *La Prensa, June* 12
(BUENOS AIRES ANTI-ADMINISTRATION DAILY)

SPAIN has just observed the four-hundredth anniversary of the *comuneros*, amidst the general apathy of the people, the nobility, and the government. Only the King appeared informally in an automobile at Segovia, where, with the most modest of ceremonies, he laid the corner-stone of an unpretentious statue to the *comunero* leader, Juan Bravo. An attempt of a member of Parliament to make the subject the question of the day was promptly suppressed by the presiding officer, with the remark: 'Leave in peace those who sleep in the bosom of God.'

Perhaps the Speaker of the House feared that an analysis of the events of that early period would bear out the statement of that historical authority and shrewd sociologist, Don Antonio Zozaya: 'The movement suppressed at Villalar was simply the first practical attempt to put into effect, not local self-government, but Communism.' Nevertheless, the *comuneros* were generally accounted in their time great pa-

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triots, who fought against the autocracy of Charles V; and the public to-day looks back to them as valiant defenders of the people's liberties.

What was the real nature of the communes of Castile, which had descended from the ancient brotherhoods? The tragic end of the *comuneros*, leaving their historical antecedents aside, is very similar to that of the Girondists. They constituted a majority; they were in the right; they had the power; and yet they were conquered and crushed by an imperialist minority, on account of their own disunity and lack of cohesion, of their internal discords and jealousies, of their apathy and vacillation at critical moments. When their last tragic hour came and they stood face to face with death, the *comuneros*, like the Girondists, proved brave men ready to suffer martyrdom for their country, and eager to leave an immortal tradition to their children.

When Charles V arrived in Spain surrounded by his haughty Flemings, — men corrupted by avarice, who regarded the country merely as a source of private gain, — he found the people of Castile openly hostile to him. The Emperor entered Valladolid clothed in shining armor. He did not know a single word of Spanish. He was utterly ignorant of the sentiments, the character, and the customs of the people he had come to rule. His very first official act, appointing a Fleming named Chevre — a man of low birth and a former house-steward — Lord Chancellor and Counsellor, had a most deplorable effect. Chevre was qualified neither by intelligence nor by character to be the successor of the great Cardinal Cisneros. He was an intriguing agitator, who came to Spain for the sole purpose of enriching himself at the expense of the public treasury, a common cheat elevated to the first magistracy of the nation.

More than that, the people of Castile believed that the crown really belonged to Doña Juana, whose insanity is still a disputed question with historians. There was a moment when that lady sided, with notable clearness of mind, with the *comuneros*. Apparently her madness, or profound melancholy, was — to say the least — intermittent.

Added to all this were the heavy exactions that Charles V laid upon the country in order to raise funds for his expedition to Germany, where he intended to be crowned Emperor and to suppress the Reformation. Dr. Zumel, a representative of the burgesses in the Cortes of Valladolid, boldly raised these issues in that body. The members of the Cortes refused to take the oath of loyalty to the King until the latter had sworn to observe the laws of Castile. Despite the opposition of his avaricious and corrupt Flemish courtiers, the King yielded.

Then he prepared to leave for Germany. The people of Castile wished to detain him. Some 6000 men tried to block his route. He finally reached Galicia, however, where he intended to embark. But he had not yet secured the subsidies he wished; and so he summoned the Cortes to Santiago, where he hoped to escape the agitation which had its centre in Valladolid. However, the members were equally intractable at Santiago. He thereupon adjourned the session to La Coruña, where he had vessels in waiting for flight if that proved necessary. Charles V, in spite of his shining arms and armor, which made him a kind of dandy in steel, was not a man of personal valor. His bravery was entirely on the surface, not in his heart. Like Kaiser Wilhelm, when the test came, he took to his heels.

When the Cortes assembled at La Coruña, however, the situation changed. Men who had been upright patriots in Santiago changed to fawning flatterers.

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By prodigal gifts and promises in some cases, and by threats in others, the monarch persuaded a majority of the delegates to submit to his demands. So the subsidies were voted, though against some opposition from the delegates of Galicia, Leon, and Castile. The leader of the dissentients, Pedro Laso, was at once arrested.

A wave of intense anger swept over Castile when the people learned that the subsidies were allowed. Don Rodrigo of Tordesillas, a representative of Segovia, was torn to pieces by the mob. Those from Zamora sought safety in flight. Rising under the leadership of Bishop Acuña, and rallying around the violet banner of the communes, the people of that city dragged their Cortes delegates in effigy through the city streets. Violent outbreaks occurred in other cities. At Osorio the house of one of the Cortes delegates was burned, and a wealthy French favorite of the court was murdered. Madrid, Avila, Guadalajara, and Sigüenza revolted. When the mob at Cuença insulted the noble Carrillo de Albornoz, his wife, Doña Ines de Barrientos, invited the *comunero* leaders to a sumptuous banquet, where they were stabbed to death. The Flemish Cardinal Adriano, who had been appointed regent of the kingdom when Charles V set sail for Germany, was obliged to flee from Valladolid, and his palace was burned. At Toledo, Salamanca, and elsewhere, similar incidents occurred. In fact revolution blazed up through all the dominions of Castile.

At the outset, the *comuneros* were successful. The leader of the imperialists was utterly routed when he attempted to capture Segovia. At first the nobles sided with the revolters; but the movement soon assumed a democratic character, which alienated their support. The people were fighting simultaneously the pretensions of the King and the privileges of the aristocracy. Cities and towns began to throw off their vassalage to their lords. Therefore, most of the nobles, especially those of high rank, espoused the cause of the Emperor. Many of them resented his autocratic methods, and particularly the influence of the Flemings, who monopolized the highest posts in the government; but they were still more averse to giving political power to the common people. As generally occurs in every revolution, the radicals went too far, and thereby compromised the success of their whole adventure.

After many bloody battles, the *comuneros* formed their *Junta Santa*, or Holy League, of which several nobles were members. The imperialists tried to negotiate for a settlement, whereupon the *comuneros* made known their conditions, which form an important chapter in the political history of the period. They were detailed in a letter addressed to Charles V at Worms. Their principal provisions may be summarized as follows: removal of the Flemings from their high posts in the government; public offices to be filled by Spaniards; repeal of the subsidies voted at La Coruña; the common people to be represented on equal terms with the nobility and clergy in the Central Cortes; no member of the Cortes to be eligible to an appointive post, or honor, in the government; abolition of nepotism; prohibition of the export of money from Spain; the official conduct of alcaldes to be investigated and reviewed as soon as their terms were over; the sale of church pardons to be prohibited.

The *comuneros* did not forget America. They demanded that Indians should not be subject to forced labor in the mines; that slaves should be manumitted; that all mineral concessions in America carrying with them the right to exact forced labor from the natives, and

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all grants and concessions creating vassalage, given since the death of Isabella, the Catholic, — and mostly obtained by bribery, — should be revoked. Among the further demands of the reformers was one that government employees should be called upon to render an account of their conduct in office; that the appointment of a Fleming as Archbishop of Toledo — a post to which Bishop Acuña, the great *comunero* leader aspired — should be annulled; that all estates granted by the monarchy to private individuals should be restored to the Crown; that noblemen should pay the same taxes as the common people; and that two especially unpopular Flemish leaders should be made to answer for their crimes. The *comuneros* also wanted Charles V to return to Spain and to marry, in order to ensure a successor to the crown.

Of all these demands, the ones which alarmed the nobles most were those which would have obliged them to pay taxes; to return the estates which they had received from the crown; to give an accounting of their conduct in office; and to cease using the forced labor of Indians on their estates and mines in America. So the aristocrats at once flocked over to the imperial standard. The *comunero* commissioner who brought the memorial to Worms was thrown into prison, and his companions escaped only by flight.

So war flared up again in Castile. Charles V, or rather the Flemings whom he had left behind in the peninsula, seized the opportunity to strengthen their party by the great nobles and their personal followers. Government offices were divided between the old nobility and the Flemish adventurers. The command of the imperial forces was unified under officers of high prestige.

On the other hand, the *comuneros* were divided. Disputes broke out among their leaders as to who should lead their forces, and disorganization spread through their ranks. Bishop Acuña made vain efforts to restore discipline. He was a man of indomitable energy, and numbered among his own troops four hundred Castilian priests, who were among the most notable fighters in his ranks. They were dead shots, their unerring aim being doubtless due to their long practice as huntsmen. A legend still survives that, before firing upon the imperialists, they were wont to consecrate their muskets by making the sign of the Cross upon them. Eventually, the *comuneros* inclined to make the bishop their supreme leader, but it was already too late. During the interval some of their most important men proved traitors to the cause, and their opponents were constantly gaining strength.

The final battle was fought at Villalar, a name immortal in Spanish history. There the democracy of Spain went down to defeat, and with it the first dawn of popular government in Europe. The battle took place in a heavy rain, and the artillery of the *comuneros* became bogged. Their cavalry also was thrown into disorder, while that of the nobles manœuvred rapidly and effectively, speeding disaster to their opponents. Padilla, the *comunero* commander, after a memorable harangue to his soldiers — showed himself a true hero. Followed by five of his companions, squires of his family, he threw himself against the entire cavalry of the nobles until he fell wounded. He and two other *comunero* generals, Bravo and Maldonado, were captured, but Bishop Acuña escaped. The imperial commander was inclined to pardon them; but his desire to show clemency was defeated, and they were condemned to death. This was the occasion of the famous words which have come down in history and are so often

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repeated to-day. When the herald proclaimed that they were to be beheaded as traitors, Bravo shouted defiantly: 'You lie, and he lies who bid you say so. Traitors we are not. We are men jealous of the public weal, and defenders of the kingdom's liberties.' Padilla then remarked to his companion: 'Sir Juan Bravo, yesterday it was our duty to fight as knights. To-day it is our duty to die as Christians.' Bravo, moved by these words, said to the executioner: 'Behead me first, for I would not witness the death of the greatest knight of Castile!'

So these revolutionists, who sought to humble the aristocracy and to deprive them of their ancient privileges, nevertheless borrowed the courtly language of their enemies. Were we to have a Bolshevist uprising in Castile to-day, its leaders would embellish the rude language of Marx with the graces and nobility of their own tongue. The man of Castile, whatever his rank, is always a grand signor. Were a Lenin to rise among us, to attack the banks, he would do so with some such words as these: 'Sir Defender of the Treasury, in the name of the gentlemen of the proletariat and in the service of God, I am compelled to declare to you that I come to seize the treasure entrusted to your loyal care. It grieves my heart as a gentleman to be obliged to perform this duty, which the present crisis imposes on me. I am equally pained, sir, that my acts have caused such trepidation to your distinguished lady, at whose feet I shall kneel as soon as the money is handed over.'

One by one the strongholds of the *comuneros* were surrendered. Toledo held out for a period under its intrepid defender, Doña Maria, the valiant wife of Padilla.

The *comuneros* committed many political and military blunders. They should have found a native candidate to oppose the foreign monarch, Charles V. But their principal mistake was in alienating the nobility, which at first was with them. It was impossible in those days to expect those gentlemen of privilege to pay taxes like the common people. The *comuneros* were in that respect three centuries ahead of their age.

Just a word in conclusion, as to the influence of this movement upon America. Municipal liberties and local self-government, crushed by Charles V in Castile, survived and throve vigorously in the viceroyalties across the Atlantic. In New Granada, the heroic *comuneros* of Socorro fought for the same cause as their brothers at home. Bolivar, with his imperialist ambitions, sought to create a formidable political power, covering all the Spanish-speaking countries of America; but his project was shattered against the resistance of the local authorities. To be sure, Bolivar's democratic and republican ideals are not to be compared with the personal autocracy of Charles V. In drawing this parallel, we seek only to show that the spirit of local liberty, which inspired the *comunero* revolt in Spain, is the same spirit which has prevented a continental union of Spanish America such as Bolivar dreamed of forming. The opposition to that dream was inherited directly from Castile.

Only the other day, the government of Mexico addressed a circular to all the municipal councils of the Republic, proposing the erection of a monument to Hernando Cortes as the founder of municipal government in America. That circular says: 'These municipal bodies laid the first foundations of our civil rights; they adjudicated the disputes among the *conquistadores*. They first established and enforced the private title to land. They were a stronghold of democracy in the constant jurisdictional conflicts among the *audiencias*, the royal inspectors, the viceroys, and

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other appointed governors. These same municipal councils have more recently been the refuge of what remained of order and government when foreign invaders were on our soil, or civil dissensions afflicted us with domestic chaos. They sowed the seed of what has become the national consciousness of Mexico.'

Many mighty reverses are recorded in Spain's history. But perhaps the greatest of all was the drowning in blood of municipal liberty, based on the will of the people. Happily, though crushed in Castile, these liberties survived and flourished in America. Facile talkers still declaim of America's former bondage; but the true bondage after Charles V was not across the Atlantic. It was here in Spain.

MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI

BY GEORG BRANDES

[*In his monumental work,* Michelangelo Buonarroti, *just published by the Gyldendalske Boghandel Nordisk Forlag at Copenhagen, Georg Brandes, now nearing his eightieth year, is said by Scandinavian critics to have excelled his previous biographical studies,* William Shakespeare, Goethe, Voltaire, *and* Julius Cæsar. *What the Danish critic himself terms the 'overture' to the work, which consists of two massive volumes with many illustrations, is translated here.*]

When to-day one visits Florence for the first time, it is customary, in order to obtain a good view of the city, to take a drive along the Via dei Colli, the road which twists in and out like some broad winding stairway, up the hills where Michelangelo built fortifications for the defense of Florence. If the month is May, the tour is through a veritable flower-garden (which gives Florence its name), through an atmosphere fragrant with the scent of thousands upon thousands of full-blown roses; and at each turn of the road the vista reveals more of the fine and rarified landscape, through which winds the Arno River, and in which, like some mosaic flower in the bottom of a bowl, Florence appears, with its cathedral, with Giotto's bell-tower in black and white marble, with its palaces, equally suited to defense and festival, and with its wonderfully decorated churches and cloisters.

It was on that hill, in 1875, that a great monument in honor of the four-hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's birth was unveiled to Florence's greatest son — the greatest still, even though we do not forget Dante. Here, Michelangelo's David in bronze rests high upon its marble base, and from it extend reclining bronze figures, replicas of the Morning, Day, Evening, and Night in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

So gigantic are these figures that they can be seen to advantage, even with the illimitable blue of the sky as background. The entire monument makes a mighty impression, though from the strictly artistic point of view, it may be considered sacrilege. There is no artistic excuse for establishing direct contact between figures which have not the

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slightest relation to each other, and which were created with an interval of thirty years between them; and it is, moreover, a sin to touch the intellect of Michelangelo, or to reproduce in another material, in which justice cannot be done them, the figures that he conceived, and himself executed, in marble.

Greek antiquity considered bronze a finer stuff than marble; but Michelangelo disdained it. How much simpler and nobler the David appeared, as it was seen in the original at the foot of the Palazzo Vecchio, in 1870, although the height of the place dwarfed it and the rain had ruined the surface! And yet, despite all artistic objections, we must admit that the monument fulfills its purpose; it announces to natives and to strangers that Michelangelo was the man who held dominion over the city of Firenze, has ruled it close upon four hundred and fifty years, and will retain his suzerainty as long as civilization lasts.

The traveler who visits Rome after Florence will see, far in the distance, hovering above the world-city, the dome of San Pietro, the most beautiful on earth — far more beautiful than either of its forerunners, the domes of the Pantheon and of Santa Maria del Fiore. Michelangelo was past eighty when he designed this and superintended the making of a wooden model. Though he never saw the execution of his plan, the majestic curved line of the world's largest and highest dome is due entirely to the master himself. Guided solely by unerring instinct, — as it were, unconsciously, — Michelangelo here solved a problem that his conscious mind could scarcely have comprehended; for it was beyond the mathematics of that time. We must explain the secret of this structure's unique effect by the complete unity of its plastic and mechanical beauty.

At our first glance, then, we find Michelangelo the sculptor ruling Florence, and Rome lying at the feet of Michelangelo the architect. But when we are in Rome itself, we find that it is as a painter that the master unfolds his superiority. In a single building, the Sistine Chapel, he carries out the most important and all-encompassing task of his life, the decoration of the ceiling, a welling-forth of the youthful and yet virile quality characteristic of all his work; and a generation later, his painting of the Last Judgment, witnessing to artistic perfection beyond comparison. Even more powerful than Dante's poetic expression in the *Inferno*, it reveals a despair of humankind. For here, even more than in the *Divine Comedy*, the sorrowful and the terrible detract from the interest in the celestial. The figures of those who have risen from the grave and are raised to eternal bliss are, with Michelangelo, no less terror-stricken than the sinners cast from heaven into the abyss below. We know at the first glance that this artist's crowning aim is the sublime; he seeks to conquer by grandeur, not by emotion. His lips are not made for smiles, nor are the countenances of his figures. For the sake of comparison, reflect what the smile meant to Leonardo and to Luini.

There is in antique art a unity that excluded the individual. The Greek artist aimed in his work to forget personality. When we admire the beauty of the Parthenon frieze, we do not think of Phidias. The work speaks, and the artist is silent.

The art of the Renaissance, and especially that of Michelangelo, is different. His personal idiosyncrasies reveal themselves throughout all his works, the pride of his soul, the wild independence of his mind. He is more personal, not only than any other artist of Greek antiquity, but than any other of the Italian Renaissance.

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Like the art of the Egyptians, that of the Middle Ages was a culture art, determined by ecclesiastical domination. Whether it remains identified with the monotonous forms of the Byzantine, or gives itself over to the emotions, it presents saints of both sexes, whose long cloaks cover thin, loose, formless bodies. These beings seem ashamed of possessing bodies at all. They know, as do those who brought them forth, that this bodily world is sinful, and that the mortification of the flesh is of chief importance.

The Renaissance, from the very first, appears as a violent reaction against this conception, and it nowhere finds more violent expression than at the hands of Michelangelo. To him the nude human body was the very crown of existence; not a sinful frame, but the visualization of beauty and the decisive and true subject for ideal art. In this reaction there may be something heathenish. Certainly some ecclesiastical dignitaries were scandalized when the ceiling in the chapel of the Holy Father was thus peopled with swarms of stark-naked youths. But this was no direct exposition of heathenism, nor was it an expression of aversion for Catholicism — it was only the purest enthusiasm for nature.

Three characteristics usually strike the modern beholder who, without preconceptions, finds himself before the art of Michelangelo. The first is its nudity: it is not the face only, but the whole naked body that expresses individuality — for Michelangelo always presents the human form in motion. The secret of this treatment is best expressed by the word *contraposta*, that is, the transference of the underlying principle to the symmetrical two halves of the body. Never was nudity made so expressive as by him; never was so much weight laid upon the language spoken by the play of the muscles.

The next characteristic is Michelangelo's striving for the vast, taking that word in the double meaning of sublime and colossal. He had shown himself capable of sublimity with his Pièta, which dates from the artist's early twenties; the propensity for the colossal crops out in the later twenties, in his David, who, although a dwarf before Goliath, is represented as himself gigantic. Sometimes this yearning for the immense draws him toward the monstrous, as when, in Carrara, he feels the desire to carve a mountain into a statue.

This leaning toward the outwardly great, however, is of secondary importance, and is often caused by necessity. An artist who must decorate a ceiling at a dizzy height cannot make use of miniature, but must produce big figures. One who must decorate an immense wall-surface needs especially to make the upper figures larger than nature, so that they can be seen, and will not lose interest through foreshortening when compared with figures closer to the eye. That is why the Christ and the Madonna in the painting of the Last Judgment are necessarily so gigantic.

But, as has already been said, with Michelangelo the superficially grand was not the most important thing. The determining consideration with him was the inner pride of his soul. Though a votary of nature, he was anything but a realist, anything but an imitator of actuality, like the Florentines before him. In all that he produced, he added the stamp of his own unquestioned superiority. The least of his sketches carry authority; they are subjectively free, lending to the plastic object his own mental strength, or fearlessness, or dignified elegance. Never was he merely natural and human, but always supernatural and superhuman as well. He is always truthful; but he is not

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merely truthful: he is truthful and sublime.

In this way we reach the third phase of his character and his art. This art is pathetic. There is an overflowing energy. Everything in it is either bound or loosened passion. At first there are in his character both harmony and peace. Even in the Pièta there is not only balance and clarity, but a quiet earnestness from which every thought of action is excluded. Yes, the Satyr standing next to his Bacchus does show mischief, but as the artist in him develops, the violent seeks an outlet; it attains to the odd, the convulsive. Dignity, however, is his patent of nobility. It is found both in tempestuous passion and in the prophetic inner musings, always existent, whether as emotion or as outward gesture.

Michelangelo is a world in himself. A life-work like his is not to be explained without considering the complex character of the man in its abilities and weaknesses, and without his indescribable, many-sided genius. He cannot be understood without the entire artistic and literary development of the Italy of his time; without the history and art of Tuscany; without humanism; without Ghirlandajo; without Lorenzo de' Medici; without Bertoldo and the garden of San Marco.

That which is fundamental in Michelangelo's art, then, is to be seen first, in the relation which he bears to antiquity, that is, to the sculpture of the Romans and the imaginative world of the Greeks; and secondly, in the attitude which he himself assumed toward the Bible, especially the Old Testament, which seems completely to have filled his mind.

Here, then, we find two influences which are fundamental — Hellas and Palestine. Hellas affects him because of the relics of antiquity which the soil of Italy has given forth — excavated works like the Discobolos, the torso of Hercules, the Laocoön, and innumerable carved stones. He is influenced by Palestine through the myths of Creation, the prophets, Moses, the legend about the Flood, and finally, through the stories about the Mother of Jesus and her Son, and the latter's sufferings and death.

The New Testament never appealed to him overmuch. As a matter of fact, whatever there is of kindness and tenderness in the gospel is foreign to his own nature. Even his Madonnas are never gentle, but serious, proud, melancholy, lovable without tenderness, even when the Child plays with them. Usually we find them with eyes averted. Michelangelo's understanding of the Madonna is expressed by her controlled grief as she sits with the body of her Son in her lap. To him the Crucified is one unjustly sentenced, who until his last breath rebels against his executioners. Michelangelo's Resurrected is not the superhuman being who calmly and in splendor rises from the grave, but the apparition of a powerful form which, with a single thrust of the shoulder, has caused the stone of the tomb to burst asunder. Two or three times Michelangelo's conception of the Christ figure has been wrong. The naked figure in Minerva was ruined by a pupil. But he has at least stamped the figure of Jehovah for all time.

As is well known, two presentments of Michelangelo exist, those of Vasari and of Condivi, the latter being directly inspired by the ageing artist, with his odd, gruff mannerisms, who was jealous of his unconditioned originality and did not want to seem to owe anything to any teacher. At thirteen the boy had been taken by his father, who had held out as long as he could against his son's desire to enter upon an artist's career,

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to Domenico Ghirlandajo, the best teacher of the art of painting that Florence possessed. About this time Ghirlandajo was engaged on the frescoes in the choir of Santa Maria Novella, and made use of a number of his students as assistants. Here, apparently, Michelangelo learned the main principles in fresco painting, so that when Julius II set him his great task, he could show such surprising skill.

Since as an old man he bemoaned the fact that he had not at once been apprenticed to a sculptor, we have a right to believe that his place as a student of Ghirlandajo was not something to be readily given up. However stubbornly he may have maintained that sculpture was merely his avocation, it was not of his own volition that he left the painter's studio. The reason was that Lorenzo de' Medici addressed himself to Ghirlandajo for the purpose of getting some students for a school of sculpture which he desired to establish in the garden of San Marco's cloister. Ghirlandajo chose Michelangelo and his friend Granacci.

After he had set eyes upon the collection of sculpture belonging to the Medici, he never returned to the painter's studio. The antique statues altogether enthralled him. As he wandered there in the shaded walks of San Marco, the boy had before him the masterpieces of the ancients, and he must have felt within him a great desire to deal with marble. The stone-cutters who were building walls and cutting ornaments for the newly established library helped him in his study; for these good people gave him a piece of marble and some sculptor's tools, with which he made his earliest attempt, the head of a faun.

It was Lorenzo himself who showed and explained to the boy his art treasures, gems, and coins. The youth became familiar with what the Florentine painters before him had achieved. The naïve style that is now called Pre-Raphaelite, could not possibly appeal to him or to his generation, nor could the archaic style which captivated Thorvaldsen and his period. Michelangelo aimed at the perfect, and found it first in statues like the Torso, and later in the Laocoön. He had for these the deepest admiration. They released within him a creative desire for mastery in the presentation of the human body, or of life as a hopeless but energetic fight, the tragically sublime.

Most important of all was the intellectual liberation that Michelangelo experienced, together with his soaring faith in a platonic ideal, joy in that nature which for so long had been condemned; and a passionate love for the human form, its miraculous construction, the wonderful play of its muscles, its entire hidden mechanism, the whole body as an expression of sorrow and happiness, anger, suffering, action, and repose.

Equipped with the traditions of antiquity as both offensive and defensive weapons, Michelangelo found himself before the Old Testament. It is at the cross-road where Hellas meets in his mind with Palestine, that Michelangelo is at his best. Julius II had decided on figures of the twelve Apostles as the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. Michelangelo replied that as a ceiling decoration they would be *una povera cosa.* 'Do as you please,' replied the Pope; and Michelangelo practically eliminated the traditional Christian element.

According to the intellectual traditions of the time, it was customary to look upon heathen sibyls and Hebrew prophets as similar. Michelangelo's comparative indifference to woman as a sex disappeared when she showed herself inspired, divinely spiritualized, as the sibyl was then believed to be. The

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prophet was to him an understood and beloved character, for in Michelangelo himself there was something prophetic. The pathos that dwelt within him had this quality, and in it he was kin to some of the chief characters of the Old Testament. But for all that, his intellect was of his own time, heathenish, Greco-Roman.

More important than the fact that he created prophets and sibyls is the fact that he created the Creator. No human being before Michelangelo had been able to present creative activity itself. He could do this because it was his own. The powerful creative force within him found expression in the figure of the Creator, which since that time has stood as the model for all, particularly because Raphael immediately made the type his own.

His genius did not bring happiness to Michelangelo. He was by nature melancholy, and held aloof from his surroundings. Read his confession in his *Canzoniere;* when he looks back, he does not find a single day that he can call his own. All is a restless whirlpool of human emotions, to none of which he is a stranger. Everything causes him suffering — the transitory nature of all that is, and his own mind, the worst torment of all. When he mentions the history of his own works, it is as a continual chain of disturbance and persecution.

Michelangelo could work only when by himself. He needed neither advice nor assistance. Spectators he could not tolerate. Having always contended that he had himself never had a teacher, he never trained a single pupil; and he closed up his cartoons in the face of those who wished to learn.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES TO-DAY

BY LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING

From *The New Statesman, June 25*
(London Radical Liberal Weekly)

When the French occupied Strassburg, toward the end of 1918, the German officials who were treated with the most conspicuous harshness were the University professors. Some of them, who were known for their political activity during the war, had to leave the town precipitately before the entrance of the French authorities, who instantly seized all their property and publicly sold the very books from their writing-tables. But even members of the University who had not gone in for politics at all experienced strange things. A friend told me that he found himself in a situation which makes one remember burning Troy. Not being allowed to take with him more than he could carry in his arms, he had the choice between saving his fur coat or his old mother. Later on, when the French University was reopened, M. Poincaré himself, in a great speech, settled accounts with the German professors on Alsatian soil, and undeceived his audience as to the pretensions of German

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scholarship in general. The sentiments that revealed themselves in these proceedings were symptomatic of the general feeling in the Entente countries, the German universities being considered as the true strongholds of that sort of political opinion which was most obviously at variance with the ideas of progressive democracy.

It is true that the democratic ideal held no place of honor in German university life. Several causes contributed to the creation of its reactionary atmosphere: the influences of a school of thought which still bore the impression of Bismarckian policy, the pressure of an autocratic and narrow-minded ministry, and, last but not least, those specialist methods of research which monopolized the whole mental activity to the exclusion of any serious occupation with politics at all — great scholars, but bad politicians. The students who two generations earlier had been sacrificing everything to the propagation of revolutionary ideas had become quietist and indifferent and desirous of attaining the highest possible degree of specialist knowledge. The social divisions among them were extraordinary, one group, the *Korpsstudent*, being universally respected as a kind of aristocracy who had a traditional right to occupy the highest positions in the State. William II himself was a former *Korpsstudent*, and so were Bethmann-Hollweg, Prince Bülow, and nearly all of those who held the responsible offices at the outbreak of the war. It is difficult to imagine how august these people were. No one of them would have stooped, for example, to make a speech in an election meeting, or to mix in any similar way with his less distinguished fellow creatures.

All those things are, of course, changing rapidly. The revolution did away with the rule of the 'Junker' in the Ministry. It is true that, for a time, it seemed greatly to overshoot the mark, as in appointing a Minister of Education (Adolph Hoffmann) whose Radicalism was indeed beyond question, but whose constant struggle with the elementary rules of grammar did not seem to make him especially fit for the position of head and reformer of learned corporations. His way of confounding *mir* and *mich*, equivalent to 'dropping the *h*'s' in England, led to the witticism that his first ministerial order had been to abolish this difference altogether. There was a counterpart to this in the State of Brunswick, where, in the first month after the revolution, a former washerwoman was entrusted with the Ministry of Education.

But when the most turbulent waves of the revolution subsided, and the 'Independents' left the Government, a new phase of reform set in. The task, however, proved rather difficult; for any really serious measure would have required a violation of that right of self-government upon which the universities had never insisted more strongly than in the face of a democratic government. So, more indirect measures only were taken, notably one which, during the first days of the revolution, the Radical wing of the Berlin students had asked for with quite a new term, viz., the *Entgreisung* — 'desenilization' — of the universities; the oldest members being compelled to quit their office at the age of 68, and the privileges of the 'ordinary' professors in the administration being largely diminished in favor of the younger members.

At the same time, the excellent Socialist Minister, Hänisch, never grew tired of endeavoring to get into touch with the students themselves. Their share in the administration of the university was increased; they were encouraged to feel themselves as a body whose views were not to be slighted; they were induced to choose councils and committees. This was favored by the general

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character of the time. The great bulk of the students had had little contact among themselves until then.

But now the tremendous pecuniary difficulties, into which all the brain-workers of Germany were plunged by the effect of the Versailles Treaty, compelled them to act conjointly in order to escape the worst. The great question was, how to find work. This to a certain extent was accomplished by the employment offices founded by the students themselves. The number of students who during the holidays are busy in mines, factories, mills, or on the land, is extraordinary: the University of Halle alone, for example, sends five hundred students into the country to do farm-work. At the last Leipsic *Messe*, the great bulk of the 'guides' for the foreign merchants consisted of students. Unfortunately, a great many of them are compelled to take to much less decent jobs in order to make both ends meet, and the misery of those whose state of health prevents their taking up hard work is still very great.

On the other hand, new tendencies developed among the students, aiming at a higher ideal than that of the mere specialist. One wanted to do away with the blinkers. At the Charlottenburg Technical High School, for instance, there was founded a students' *Kultur* office at the beginning of 1921, with the aim of cultivating all sorts of artistic and intellectual pursuits much more seriously than before; an academic choir was founded in Berlin; an orchestra, a dramatic society, and what not, are to follow. At other universities the plan is being discussed of a 'humanist' faculty, which would represent a kind of entrance hall which the student would have to pass before getting to his specialist work. Nearly everywhere the cry for better political education has arisen, and every scheme is sure to be applauded that procures better knowledge of things abroad.

But in spite of all this mental activity, the progress of political thought is not precipitate. An astonishingly large percentage of the students are still politically more or less indifferent — the reaction having the benefit. The Socialist and Democratic groups are small, the Clerical ones are in many cases tainted by chauvinism. This state of things, however, would be alarming only to an observer who does not know that all good things want time. The democratizing of the universities is not to be expected from the representatives of a bygone era, who up to now still hold the field notwithstanding all endeavor to the contrary; but it will be the unavoidable effect of circumstances. Already the privilege of the academically trained official is broken. The *Reichspräsident* Ebert and the Prussian Prime Minister Stegerwald are former workingmen. The example of cases like this has had an enormous influence. There is a powerful movement among the subordinate officials of the Prussian administration, which desires the bars between the official with university training and the man who has risen from the ranks to be abolished altogether. Everybody should have a chance to rise to every position. There is no doubt that this movement will prove irresistible. At a number of places already these subordinate officials are admitted to university courses which are destined to supply them with the most urgent theoretical foundations for their task, and the lecturers testify to their unusual diligence and interest.

It is easy to understand that this movement must be favored by the Government, not only from principle, but because the sabotage of the old *Geheimrat* who still rules in the ministry makes a fundamental change simply a matter of necessity. For the newcomers

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are for the most part naturally free from the political and social prejudices of their former superiors. The whole thing means a tremendous change in the social life of Germany. The two pillars of the old caste system were the reserve officer and the official with academic training. There was a line drawn between the world in which these two reigned and the world below, which nobody overstepped. The one has disappeared, the other's position is going to be shaken. In this way new blood will be infused into the veins of the old bureaucracy. It will react on the universities themselves.

RUSSIA'S NEW ECONOMY

BY N. BUCHARIN

[*The following is a German report of the speech which the Soviet Commissar Bucharin delivered on the eighth of last June, before the Third World-Congress in Moscow.*]

From *Die Rote Fahne, June* 28, 29
(Berlin Official Bolshevist Daily)

In order to understand the new course we have adopted, it is necessary to know its connection with the economic and social crises that we passed through last spring. The experience of the Russian Revolution shows that our earlier ideas of revolutionary processes were rather naïve. Even the most orthodox followers of Marx supposed that the proletariat needed only to seize political power in order to get full control of the instruments of production — after first ejecting, of course, the higher ranks of the bourgeoisie. Experience teaches quite the contrary. Every revolution involves a complex reorganization of society. A proletarian revolution involves this in a much higher degree than the bourgeois revolutions of the past. A proletarian revolution requires the people not only to seize and reorganize the government, but to seize and reorganize the whole productive mechanism of society. The latter, in fact, is its most important task.

Now, what is the character of this productive mechanism in a capitalist state? In the first place, you have a capitalist hierarchy, one group below another — at the top the wealthy owners; next to them, the business administrators; next below them, the technical personnel; one step further down the scale, skilled artisans and mechanics; and at the bottom, common laborers. When you start out to reorganize this society, you disturb the balance between these groups, you break off connection between them. The workmen start this by open revolt against the government and by strikes. So long as soldiers obey their officers, you cannot have a revolution in the army. So long as employees obey their bosses and employers, you cannot have a revolution in industry. But the moment you break the ties between these different classes and groups, you stop production. If the employees strike or man the barricades, work ceases.

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If the skilled engineers and scientific personnel sabotage, output dwindles. The proletariat cannot deal with this situation until it has the whole political power in its own hands.

When conservative Socialists like Kautsky and Bauer talk of continuing production and having revolution at the same time, they are talking nonsense. It would be like telling soldiers to dispense with their officers and still continue to obey them. Either you have a revolution and a temporary disorganization of production, or production runs along as usual and you have no revolution. You have to pay a price for a revolution. You cannot get a transition to a higher form of existence for nothing. We should not fear this temporary wreckage of our material prosperity. You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs.

It is clear that the price we must pay for a revolution is the higher, the more powerful the resistance offered by other classes and groups of society; and that it will be highest in the first country to set up a proletarian dictatorship. In Russia the class-struggle involved not only civil war, but foreign war. When a domestic conflict develops into a war against powerful governments outside the country, the cost of a revolution becomes enormous. This is the principal reason for our fearful impoverishment. We have had to devote almost three quarters of our scanty resources and of the fruits of our labor to the Red Army. Any rational man can see what that means.

Human beings must have bread, to live. The bread-problem is the hardest problem of revolution. The economic disorganization inevitable in such a crisis also breaks the ties between the city and the country. When the proletariat is fighting in the towns, and production ceases there, then relations between the towns and the country cease. Large estate-owners and prosperous farmers find themselves without banking facilities. Farmers' unions and societies are broken up. The exchange of country produce for city goods stops. The credit system goes to smash. When the towns cease to serve the country, the country ceases to serve the towns. The whole economic balance between the urban and the rural population is destroyed.

Since city people must live even during a revolution, we must devise special methods for feeding them. First, the supplies accumulated in the towns will be used up. Second, we can use force to collect grain from the farmers. Third, the proletarian sympathies of the peasantry help us, because the latter know that they owe to the proletarian government the protection they enjoy against their former landlords and other exploiters.

So long as we were fighting a civil war at home and a foreign war against reactionaries abroad, the last of these three motives played an important part among the peasantry. When we employed force, we based it on this sentiment. Every disciple of Marx knows that the claim of our opponents, that the peasants are the enemies of the Bolsheviki and that our power is based solely upon our bayonets, is nonsense. Even an old established government like that of the tsars could not have maintained itself were that the case. We used force because our compulsion was backed up by the conviction of the peasants that no other government would protect them from the great landlords from whom they had taken their land. We had given eighty-two per cent of the large estates of Russia to the peasants, and the peasants have too keen an appreciation of the value of property to give that up. They reckon wisely that they will come out best by holding on to the land they have got; for

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then they will be sure of an income later. That is why they tolerate our requisitions and why we can give them a certain exceptional status in our economic society. There we have firm ground under our feet.

Capitalist governments have discovered by experience that they can enforce in time of war economic regulations which they never could put into effect in time of peace. Just the same thing happened with us. All classes in Russia, even the petty bourgeoisie, felt that every sacrifice must be made during the war. We could depend on this sentiment to back us up in employing dictatorial methods.

But when the war was over, opposition to our measures was sure to grow. It expressed itself first in resistance to our regulatory system, and as an anarchist agitation among the peasants. It is clear in economics, that, if we take away all the surplus which the peasants produce, we leave them no motive to increase production. The only motive that is left is the peasant's conviction that he must help out the town-workers, so that they may defend him from the great landlords. When we crushed armed resistance, this motive became very weak. We discovered at once that the cultivated area was decreasing. This was partly because we enrolled the farmers in the army, and partly because draft-animals and agricultural implements had grown scarcer. So we are in the midst of an agricultural crisis, and are in danger of not having enough to eat.

Naturally, when farm-production declines, city-production falls off. It is not true that our factories and workshops are utterly ruined. In many large textile and metal-working factories we still have excellent machinery. But the great problem is to provide food for the townspeople. Our workingmen are hungry, and the circulation of produce and manufactures between the city and the country stagnates.

These economic conditions produce social effects. When our factories are at a standstill, the workers resort to various devices to earn a living. For instance, they make little articles for everyday use on their own account in the metal-working shops. Thereby they cease to be proletarians. They discover that they have a stake in freedom to trade, and acquire the mental attitude of the petty bourgeoisie. So we have a reversion of the proletariat to the petty bourgeoisie, with all its characteristic features. The proletariat keeps dispersing into the villages and taking up small independent trades. The greater the social chaos, the more rapid this breaking-up and degeneration of the proletariat.

Thus the proletariat as a class is being weakened by our economic condition. This tendency was reinforced by the loss of the élite among them during the wars. Our armies consisted of amorphous masses of peasants, led by Communists and non-partisans. We have lost heavily of the best of our proletarian leaders, the men who enjoyed in the highest degree the respect and confidence of their fellow factory-hands. Added to all that, we had to send many of our best men to the villages and elsewhere, to run the machinery of government. When you organize a proletarian dictatorship in an agricultural country, you must move the members of that class about the country as you would the men on a chessboard, so that they may guide the peasants. You can readily understand, therefore, how the strength of the proletariat has declined in the factories. Only the worst elements remained there. So we are witnessing declassification of the working class. That is the great present crisis.

The peasants also have suffered, but not so much as the proletariat. From

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the economic standpoint, but not from the political standpoint, they have won more than any other class of the population. The peasants are better off materially than the proletariat, although the latter run the government. The peasants feel that they are stronger than ever. In addition, we witness certain secondary effects. The peasants learn a great deal about politics in the army. They don't come back from war the same kind of men they were when they went in. They are more intelligent, more class-conscious, more alert. They understand politics pretty well by this time. They say to themselves: 'We're the real power in this country. We'll not tolerate being treated like the younger son in the family. We're willing to feed the workingmen, but we're the elder son and demand our rights.'

When the fetters of the war fell from their limbs, the peasants immediately began to make demands. They are interested in petty trading. They are champions of freedom to buy and sell, and enemies of government regulation and socialized production. They have made their wants known, and in some districts like Siberia, Tambov, and elsewhere, they have revolted against us. The situation was not as bad as the foreign press represented, but it was a disturbing symptom.

They invented a political battle-cry to express their economic programme. They clamored: 'For the Bolsheviki against the Communists!' At first, that sounds like nonsense. But it has a kernel of reason. During the October revolution and before that, we, as a party, kept exhorting the peasants: 'Kill your landlords and seize their lands.' So the Bolsheviki got the reputation of being fine fellows. They gave the peasants everything and asked nothing back. However, of late years, we have been the party which gave the peasants nothing and wanted everything from them. So they curse the Communists as the people who take away their grain and give them nothing in return.

Their second battle-cry is: 'For nonpartisan Soviets against party dictatorship!' Since there are Communists who cannot see that a class can govern only with its head, and that the party is the head of the class, it is quite comprehensible that the peasants should not understand this. These same ideas are cherished by what I have just described as the declassed petty-bourgeois proletariat. In several instances, the metal-workers took up the fight in favor of freedom of trade against the Communists, and in favor of class dictatorship against party dictatorship.

So the equilibrium between the proletariat and the peasantry was disturbed, and a state of affairs arose which threatened the whole proletarian dictatorship. That crisis reached a climax in the Kronstadt revolt. Documents, which we subsequently discovered, prove that monarchist conspirators were at work on that occasion; but at the same time, the Kronstadt revolt was essentially a petty-bourgeois insurrection against the socialization of industry.

Our sailors are mostly the sons of peasants, and many of them come from the Ukraine. Now the Ukraine is much more petty bourgeois than Central Russia. Its peasants are more like German farmers than Russian peasants. They hated the Tsar, but they have no use for Communism. Our sailors were on furlough, and they became infected with the ideas of the people at home. That is what caused the revolt.

You know that we acted quickly. We sent one third of our party convention against the rebels. We lost many people, but crushed the revolt. However, our victory did not solve the prob-

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lem. We had to modify our programme. Had the German revolution already taken place, we should have imported proletarians from that country and performed a surgical operation. But we had to act at our own expense. One thing was unconditional. We must defend our dictatorship at any cost. It was clear that, if we made no concession to the peasants, we should have a repetition of Hungary's experience. Eventually, perhaps several years later, we would get control of the government again; but the bourgeoisie would try their hand at reorganization before we got that chance. Economic demoralization would reach a point where it would be impossible to foresee how we were ever to emerge from the prevailing chaos.

So long as we are at the helm of the government, we can steer to the right or to the left. When we are not at the helm, we have nothing to say about the course we take. So our motto was: Stick to the helm; make no political concessions, but as many economic concessions as are needed. Our opponents imagine that we shall first make economic concessions and, later, political concessions. But in reality we make economic concessions in order to avoid making political concessions. We cannot tolerate anything resembling a coalition government, even to the extent of giving the peasants the same political rights which the workingmen enjoy. Our concessions have not changed the class-character of our dictatorship in the slightest. When a government makes concessions to another class, it does not change its own class-character. A factory-owner does not become a workingman because he makes concessions to his workers.

Our social and political object in these concessions is to pacify and neutralize the petty-bourgeois masses. We know, from what I have already told you, that our main economic difficulty is that there is no motive urging men to produce. We have created one by abolishing our requisitions and collecting a fixed tax in kind. The peasant now knows that he must give more if he produces more, but also that he can keep more. We know from experience that this is the way that he calculates. As soon as we decided upon this new measure, the area under cultivation increased. It reached the figures of 1916, and even, perhaps, of 1915.

Political peace also followed. Peasant revolts almost ceased, even in the Ukraine. Machno's bands were broken up.

Naturally, these concessions to the petty bourgeoisie must not be misunderstood. People may object that capital will begin to accumulate again gradually, and transform itself from profiteering capital into industrial capital. That is a danger which existed also after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, in the spring of 1918, when we had reason to be on our guard lest German capital swallow us hide and hair. But that is wholly a question of time. Our idea is: Just now we need more food and a pacified peasantry; otherwise, we shall be turned out. The very workingmen themselves will revolt against their own government, if they get nothing to eat. It will take a considerable time to revive capitalism, and longer than usual with our people in power. We have all the big manufacturing establishments and coal-mines and railways in our possession. It would take a whole epoch of history to convert our peasants into capitalists. We fancy that such capitalism will gradually develop down below the surface, but we have the principal economic resources in our hands. We want food to revive our factories. When we have done that, we shall be able to proceed with the rest of our programme. The proletariat will

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cease to declassify itself into small independent producers. We can bring labor from abroad. We can introduce technical improvements, and start the electrification of Russia. When we have got that far, we shall be able to deal with the petty bourgeoisie. When the peasant receives his electric light and power from us, he will become practically a government agent, and his sentiment of economic independence will not be wounded.

If capital grows faster than our industries improve, then all will be over so far as we are concerned. But we hope the reverse will occur, and that we may thus sweep away the economic obstacles in our path.

THE PEASANTS ARE WAITING

[The following two letters, one from Southern Russia and the other from a province in the central part of the country, were published in the Prague Volya Rossii, *the official organ of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, for July 5,* 1921. *Their particular interest lies in the fact that the Socialist-Revolutionary Party seeks support particularly among the peasantry in its anti-Soviet struggle, and maintains an excellent information service in Russia. These letters are really reports. The extent of this information service is recognized even by the Soviet Government, which, in recent instructions to its secret police, recommended especially careful watch over these agents. The letters refer to events in May,* 1921.]

I

It is now two years since people in our part of the country, after passing early through the terrors of Bolshevism, then falling into the hands of Hetman Skoropadsky and the Germans, and finally returning once more to the Bolsheviki, began to keep their ears to the ground in constant expectation. What are they waiting for? They are waiting for better times, for the day when the lash and the dictatorship shall pass away, when the period of starvation shall be over, and when each of us shall be able to speak, live, and breathe freely. And in this protracted waiting, hope gradually becomes extinguished, will and determination become weaker and weaker. But the moment the people's wrath flares up anywhere, the moment a movement starts in any place, you can read in the eyes of each the eternal question: 'Can it be?' And every time the hopes are vain. Nothing comes of its own accord.

The village population is crushed and terrorized. The requisitions are ruinous, for our authorities are efficient. To curry favor with the central government, they squeeze the village population unmercifully. There is one district in which 250 per cent of the requisitioned amount was actually gathered. There are cases where seed-grain has been taken; as has almost all our hay and much live-stock and poultry.

And so, when the Government ordered the organization of 'planting committees,' the peasants would not listen to them. In spite of all the efforts of our 'best' Communists, who personally went to the villages to persuade the peasants, the latter refused to have anything to do with the committees. The only thing that the authorities could do was to appoint committees, and report to Moscow that everything was pro-

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ceeding smoothly. In reality, the committees took no part in the planting.

And then, suddenly, a thunderbolt came: tax in kind, instead of requisitions, freedom of local exchange of foodstuffs, abrogation of guard detachments, and so on. The peasants, taught by long and bitter experience, refused to believe. And they did not have to wait long for proofs. When they attempted to carry grain to market, they found out that the guard detachments were abolished only on paper; that in reality they continue to confiscate grain, even when only three or five poods are carried. Moreover, all those who ride on the steps, or the buffers, or the platforms of trains, are liable to five years' imprisonment. And how else can you ride?

Where is the way out? Last spring the peasants reëlected their *volost*, or county, Soviets, throwing out all the Communists. But the elections were declared irregular, the new Soviets were dispersed, and revolutionary committees were appointed in their place. Many people were arrested. Now the peasants pay no more attention to elections, and at the last election the Communists were in the majority.

The natural outcome of this is the appearance of bands known as the 'avengers of the people.'

You often see a sight like this: through the streets of a city, ten or more peasants are led under guard, their hands tied. The procession is followed by forty or fifty wagons loaded with household goods, agricultural implements, and the like. The peasants are the hostages taken from a village which has given refuge to three brothers, who have formed a band to wreak vengeance on the authorities. Such a band never touches the peasants, but attacks troops and kills commissars. Whenever the 'avengers' cannot be caught, the villages which are suspected of sheltering them are subject to reprisals.

Spiritually, the darkness that reigns in the villages is indescribable. There are scarcely any schools, no organizations. Newspapers are a rarity. News comes only from the 'bagmen,' who peddle grain, and from soldiers returning from the front.

Meanwhile the peasants work and wait.

II

The Government of Kursk, a grain-producing province in Central Russia, which in normal times yielded for export fifteen million poods of grain, is now a veritable desert. The plan of requisition for 1920 called for ten million poods; and although the province gave only half of that amount, by Christmas peasants were already starving. The crops last year were frightfully small, and yet the authorities established over the peasants a veritable reign of blood and iron.

The worst repressions were applied in the districts of Sudgan and Belgorod, where the representative of the food administration, in his efforts to please his superiors, applied such measures as executions and arrests, in order to gather the full amount of the allotment by January 15. In some districts the only thing that the peasants received in exchange for their grain was less than two yards of calico and a pound and a half of salt.

Last spring many peasants did not have any seed, and some of them went south to get it. They were not very successful. And now, although eighty per cent of the land has been planted, the crops are bound to be small, because the peasants used from four to five poods of seed per dessiatine, instead of the customary ten to twelve poods.

It is ludicrous to expect that the peasants will be able to pay the tax and still have a surplus left to exchange for articles of general consumption. It is

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more likely that they will not be able even to pay the tax, for gathering which the Government will, most probably, use the same methods of persuasion that it used in gathering requisitioned grain. Under these circumstances, it seems inconceivable that the policy of compromising with the peasantry, which the Soviet Government had announced, will prove more than a measure on paper.

The general situation in the province is similar to that in other parts of Russia: utter apathy and indifference on the part of the peasantry toward organizations and elections, since the Communists always force their own majorities.

For example, last month there was a coöperative congress. In spite of all the efforts on the part of the Communists, the majority at this Congress was anti-Communist, consisting of the peasants. Then the Communists brought to the congress forty-five city representatives; and when even that did not give them a majority, they arranged for the *collegium* of the local food administration to have the right to vote. Only then were they able to get a majority of 71 against 68 of their opponents. Naturally, they elected their own candidates. The peasants left the congress, cursing the Communists. And this is what the Communists call free and autonomous coöperation, based upon the confidence of the masses!

All public life is at a standstill. Only official meetings take place and official celebrations at which the people appear by government order.

CONTROL OF THE LIFE-CYCLE. III

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

From *The English Review, March–June*
(Independent Liberal Monthly)

The reason that the tissues of the adult do not grow is not that they have lost all power of growth. When an adult muscle is injured, the injury can be repaired. In order to accomplish this, the muscle-cells near the point of injury lose their characteristic striated structure, which enables them to contract, and become de-differentiated. In this condition they multiply; and when enough young muscle-tissue has been produced, the new cells differentiate again, and assume the striated adult structure. It would seem as if the power of reproduction and the power of working efficiently cannot exist together in such a complicated tissue as muscle. An analogy will illustrate this. We have seen that an axolotl can be transformed into its adult state by means of thyroid. Now, if thyroid be given to a female during the egg-laying period, the egg-laying stops within a day or two, and the transformation begins. To carry on both egg-production and metamorphosis together is too great a task for the organism.

Something roughly parallel to this occurs in cancer. Each kind of cancer is produced from one particular type

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of tissue. In every cancer, the special structure characterizing the cells of the normal tissue has been partially lost, and with it the power of working in the normal way; but meanwhile a power of growth over and above any possessed by the normal tissue has been gained, and the greater the difference of the cell from the normal in appearance and working, the greater is the excess power of growth, and the more malignant the cancer.

In very malignant growths, as in some spontaneous cancers of the mouse, the cancer may continue growing, like a parasite, at the expense of the animal that is both its host and its parent, and finally suck it dry, as the stolon of Perophora was sucked dry by the healthy individual. In the competition with the body, the tumor tissues, simply because they are growing, and so working faster, get first call on the available food. Some tumors take their origin from fatty tissues; these may continue to grow and to be full of fat after every fat-globule — that is to say, every particle of reserve food-supply — has disappeared from the tissues of the rest of the animal. The tumor may be well nourished, the rest of the animal literally starving.

Nothing could better illustrate that balanced competition between parts which we have already discussed in connection with metamorphosis. It is important to note that in such a system the balance should be capable of being tilted either way. Normally, the cancer wins; but if we knew how, we could so damage the cancer that the body would win, and would absorb the growth. This is what happens in successful cases of radium treatment. Occasionally a tumor will disappear spontaneously; in such cases, too, the cancer has perhaps been damaged in some way; but it may be that the cancer has not been damaged at all, but that the body has been stimulated; for a raising of the level of the body-tissues' activities would alter the balance in exactly the same way, so far as result is concerned, as would a depression of the activities of the cancer.

Once more, the bodily fact has a mental counterpart. Obsessions, complexes, and fixed ideas, whatever their origin, are always parts of the mental structure which have emancipated themselves from the proper harmony of the mind, and established themselves as dominant. They draw into themselves an undue portion of the nervous energy, and starve the other parts of the mind, finally causing a complete upset of the mental organization and total inability to carry on its normal work.

Harmony of the parts in subordination to the needs of the whole is one of the conditions of existence for higher types of life. Cancerous growths and mental obsessions show what terrible results can follow when a part becomes insubordinate.

Now at last we are free to return and consider the problem of old age and the prolongation of life. All single-celled organisms, which typically reproduce by dividing into two equal halves, have, as we have seen, in a sense, no death — no inevitable death, that is to say, of their substance. Unless accident overtakes it, the substance of one individual is simply turned into the substance of two fresh individuals. There is a constant stream of living substance which moulds itself into a succession of individuals; and when we speak of the period of life, all we mean is the period of time for which one of these characteristic moulds or individuals lasts. The form perishes, but the substance need never die.

In the minute and simple bacteria, with their large surface in proportion to bulk, this period is very short, and division may even take place once every

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half-hour. There being 48 half-hours in the day, this means that, given abundant food, 2^{47} [two to the forty-seventh power] bacteria could be produced from one original parent in the 24 hours — a number which, if I were to expand it, would be, equally with the distances dealt with by astronomy, beyond ordinary comprehension.

In larger single-celled organisms, such as Paramecium, which feeds on bacteria, division will take place two or three times a day. When we reach the multicellular organisms, we find the rule to be that a part of the tissues is inevitably doomed to death, reproduction here being the property of only one kind of tissue, the reproductive or germ-cells, and no longer possible after the lapse of a certain period of time. But even this is not universally true. In all higher plants, for instance, there exists a special tissue, the so-called cambium, which remains perennially young, and is always engaged in forming new layers of bark and of wood in the old parts; further, it has the power of forming new buds from which new shoots grow out. Some plants, like the banana, appear to have altogether lost the power of reproducing sexually, by seed, and must be propagated entirely by slips and cuttings. Here there is a compromise. If we choose, we can save any particular part of an old plant from death by taking it for a cutting; but the part we leave behind will eventually die. Again, in the famous baobab tree, the Indian fig, new stems are continually formed by down-growths from the branches. These root in the ground, themselves form new branches, and these in their turn new stems. By this means a grove of trees is formed which is in reality but one compound tree — a gigantic colonial vegetable. When properly protected from goats and other browsing animals, such a grove continues growing outwards in a circle, like a fairy-ring of toadstools. One in the Calcutta Botanical Gardens had some years ago reached the size of eleven acres, and was still growing. In the centre of the grove, however, the old stems begin to decay, and finally rot away. So that, although the grove, as a grove, has the power of apparently unlimited growth, parts of it become old and die.

Here we see illustrated the very important fact that the accumulation of old tissue may of itself lead to death. In the baobab, as indeed in trees generally, this seems to be due to accidents — to lightning, to the holes of wood-boring insects, to cracks caused by strains, and so forth. Any one kind of defect opens the door to another, and so with time the agents of death are summed, not arithmetically, but geometrically. Through an insect burrow, for instance, fungi, the agents of decay, find entry, and the whole region becomes affected and dies. If we could preserve the tree from all such accidents, there is no reason to suppose that it need ever die from internal causes, until, it might be, the weight of its crown became too great for its trunk to support. The five thousand years of the giant sequoias show us how long this particular contingency may be delayed.

These examples will have prepared us to find that in animals our preconceived ideas will perhaps not turn out after all to be right.

Let us first turn to the results of a new and adventurous field of research, that known as tissue-culture. Less than twenty years ago, the American worker Harrison discovered that it was possible to take a small portion of a growing chick-embryo out of the egg, and to cultivate it in a drop of nutritive liquid, such as the fluid of the blood. All the operations had of course to be carried out with the utmost care to prevent infection — with the same precautions

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of sterilization, in fact, as are taken for any human operation.

Later Carrel, the surgeon, to whom a Nobel Prize was afterwards awarded, took up the problem, and, by developing the technique, obtained new results. After a few days a piece of tissue in a drop of culture-fluid will cease to grow. It has exhausted the available food-supplies. This was got over by the method of transplantation, the tissue being cut into pieces, washed, and transferred to new fluid. Later, the interesting discovery was made that the addition to the culture-fluid of a certain quantity of 'embryonic extract,' that is to say, of fluid obtained from the tissues of chick-embryos, had the most marked effect upon the health and especially on the growth of the strain of tissue.

In this way it has been found possible to continue growing the cells of a single original piece of tissue (from a chick), not merely for weeks or months, but for years. When progress was last reported, the period was seven years; and the experiment was still being continued.

The cells of the tissue show no sign of ageing, and their rate of multiplication continues unchecked long after the same tissue in a living animal would have sobered down to slow reproduction or to no reproduction at all. From the evidence now at hand, it would seem that tissues cultivated thus outside the body are probably immortal—or, if you prefer a less high-sounding epithet, that, even in the tissues of a higher animal, continued existence and growth need not involve limitation of growth, senescence, or death. In other words, the growth-limitation, senescence, and death of tissues which do take place in the higher animals are due somehow to the way the parts are related together in the organism, not to anything in the parts themselves. This leads us back once more to the idea of a balance — either a balance between the different parts, or a balance between the different types of chemical processes in one or more of the parts.

As so often, knowledge of the lower forms helps us to analyze the higher. The continued reproduction of a protozoön, or single-celled animal, by division is in all essentials similar to the reproduction of the original cell of the body, the fertilized ovum, to form the millions or billions of cells which make up the adult, save that the protozoan cells separate from each other.

Now in a great number of such protozoa there occurs at intervals an interesting process which we know as conjugation. It is the forerunner of sexual reproduction, for at conjugation two cells come together and exchange portions of their substance. It has been maintained that the life of a species of protozoön is divisible into a series of cycles, each terminating with conjugation. Each, therefore, would resemble the cycle of cell-reproduction seen in the growth and ageing of the body of one of the higher animals, except that in a higher animal the cells stay bound together, in the protozoön they remain separate. On this view, death of the whole race of the protozoön is inevitable unless sooner or later conjugation takes place. Somehow or other this is supposed to have a rejuvenating effect.

In the last few years, however, various American workers have shown that by a properly balanced diet, strains of protozoa can be kept for years, instead of for a few months as was previously supposed, without conjugation, and the presumption is getting stronger and stronger that it *need* never occur at all.

It would seem as if, in the course of generations, the vital processes of the cells often become, in some way or other, unbalanced, and that this condition will lead to the dying-out of the race unless it can be corrected by that mingling of one cell with another which

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occurs at conjugation; this is exactly paralleled by the ability of mice or rats to live well for a certain time on certain single proteins, but to end by a sudden decline and death long before the usual period. But, by careful regulation, the strain of protozoa can be prevented from getting unbalanced; and in this state the cells appear to have an unlimited power of reproduction, the strain of living matter to have an unlimited potential existence. The dying-out of a strain of protozoa is due to the upsetting of a balance.

Progressive change, leading inevitably to old age by alteration of this inner balance, is seen over and over again in animals. Among the simpler multicellular forms it has been studied most thoroughly in the Planarian flatworms, by Professor Child, of Chicago. Planarians are common inhabitants of ponds and streams, curious thin and leaf-like organisms which glide slowly along the stones and water-weeds, feeding for the most part on dead animal matter, faintly sensitive to light, with a very simple and lowly type of nervous system and general organization. Many of these can reproduce, like protozoa, by fission, so that here, too, so long as fission continues, the substance is potentially immortal, and it is but the form that dies. But Child has shown that even the form, the single individual, need not age and die. If one of these animals is kept without food, it does not simply lose weight, lose power and health, and rapidly die, like a starving dog or man, but is able, owing to its very simplicity of organization, to live upon itself. A starved flatworm gets smaller and smaller, but remains perfectly healthy and active until it becomes extremely minute, dying only when it has gone back to about the size at which it hatched from the egg. If fed at any time while still active, it will once more start normal growth.

Some twenty years ago it had been noticed that such starved and miniature worms reassume the shape and proportions of really young individuals. More recently, Child has shown that they resemble them, too, in their behavior and the great activity of their chemical processes. In a word, they are not only small, they not only look young, but, in the only sense in which we can attach a real meaning to the word, they *are* young once again. 'Can a man enter a second time into his mother's womb and be born?' asked Nicodemus; here is a fact almost as startling.

Following this up, Child divided a batch of worms into two lots. One he kept in normal conditions, with abundant food. For the other he fixed in his mind definite limits of size. When they reached the upper limit, he let them starve; when they fell to the lower limit, he fed them again, and so on. During the time the experiment was continued, this second lot was successfully kept within these limits. The individuals never divided, never showed signs of ageing, and by all the tests that could be thought of, were in the same general condition at the end as at the beginning. The other lot meanwhile passed through eighteen generations, a period which, if translated into human terms, would represent over five centuries.

To the question which we posed at an earlier stage, the question whether age is only a question of external time, or is determined by inner factors, by the way the animal is and has been working, we may now, I think, give a definite answer. Real age is determined internally. We measure it by the lapse of years, for convenience; but the only true old age is physiological. Many men and women of seventy are really younger, in the right and proper meaning of the word, than many men and women of sixty.

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Unfortunately, however, these experiments, important as they are, do not show us directly how to prolong human life. The *elixir vitæ* was sought by alchemists throughout the Middle Ages. It does now definitely seem to have been found — but alas! only for flatworms (with an *ersatz*-imitation, as we saw before, for fruit flies)! In one case, it is intermittent starvation; in the other, low temperature. But neither intermittent starvation nor cold will prolong human life. We are so constructed that we cannot live upon our own tissues, nor can our temperature be altered. It may be some consolation to remember that it is just because our brain is so complex, our mental activity so intense, that we cannot submit to starvation; also that if by any chance our temperature could be reduced, all our activities and all our motions, of pleasure and delight as well as of pain and discomfort, — all, in fact, that gives life its value, — would be so reduced in intensity that we could scarcely recognize them.

No: we must accept the fact that our level of existence, so high above that of the simpler animals, is possible only in a delicately balanced system, and that, if we tilt the balance comparatively slightly, the only existence that counts — one of physical and mental activity — is no longer possible to us. Our chief aim must be to preserve and to extend this state of balance that we call healthy maturity.

It will be recalled that adding tethelin from the pituitary body to the diet extended the life of mice. It is probable that this was due to a change of the balance. The tissues of the body can be broadly divided into the cellular tissues, which are those doing active work, — glands, nerves, muscles, blood, — and the supporting tissues, which make a framework for the rest of the body — bone, cartilage, and the connective tissue that binds all the others together. The supporting tissues are in a sense parasitic on the rest — they are passive, the others active. In old age, the connective tissues always accumulate; there is a greater proportion of them in the old than in the young. It looks as if the processes of life gradually slow down, and, as they slow down, it is easier for supporting tissue to be formed. To use once more our simile of a river, as the current slows, the sediment it carries with it will no longer help erode and deepen the channel, but will be deposited, and the channel will begin to silt up; and yet these two opposite tendencies, of erosion and silting-up, will be due only to a difference in the rate of the current. The effect of tethelin seems undoubtedly to be to stimulate the growth of the cellular tissues; they thus get an advantage in the internal competition of the parts of the body, and so the final preponderance of the supporting tissues — which means an ever-increasing burden on the active cellular parts — is postponed. It may be mentioned that two of the biological authorities on senility, Minot and Child, agree broadly with this view. Minot sees the cause of old age in differentiation, which leads to accumulation of structure, and Child in slowing of metabolism, which he believes to be behind differentiation.

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BRITISH ATHLETES AND THEIR CRITICS

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON

[Mr. Hutchinson was a prominent figure in the earlier days of English golf and is well known as a writer on sports. Since his article was written, the Oxford and Cambridge track team has been defeated by Harvard and Yale, and an English tennis team has won from an American.]

From *The Westminster Gazette, July* 1
(Old Liberal Weekly)

America has won the polo. America has won the golf. America has won the war. We know that America has won the war, for she has said so. As one of her own admirable humorists has written, 'I know he is a gentleman, for he told me so himself, and a man would not tell a lie about a little matter like that.' After all, it is not quite fair to say that America claims to have won the war. No reasonable American claims it, and there are absurd people, in every country. A friend of mine lately returned from America told me that he had been, while in that country, to hear an American lecturing on the characteristics of American humor. One of the characteristics that the lecturer dwelt on was its love of exaggeration. By way of one instance, he cited the American who told his friends that the fish were so large where he went angling that they commonly used whales for bait; by way of another instance, he quoted the American saying, 'We won the war.' And an American audience received it well.

But whatever America won or did not win, it is certain that we, of Britain, are not just now winning much, and my present object in writing is to argue that the principal reason why we are not winning in such contests as the polo match, the golf, the lawn-tennis, and the cricket test-matches is a reason that we have not great cause to be ashamed of. The reason is that we did win the war. Far be it from us to claim that alone we did it, to deny stricken and gallant France and Belgium. Italy, moreover, has a right to her own share, and Rumania and Japan. But for what we did we may take our due, and we know only too grievously the price we paid for the doing, the loss of the splendid young manhood. Who will say that the four who would, had the war not come, have been our team this year at Hurlingham, may not, one and all, be lying in the soil of France, of Mesopotamia, of Gallipoli? Such a toll of athletic youth has been exacted of us as never before, and can we expect, is it reasonable, that we should be as rich in athletic manhood as if that toll had not been taken? Surely not. It is just because we won the war, and won it at such price, that we are relatively so poor; and it is only justice to ourselves that we should recognize the glorious reason of our poverty.

America had her losses; America did her share, and a share that we should be criminally ungrateful if we failed to appreciate generously, in the war's winning, but her sacrifice is scarcely to be accounted for by the measure of ours. Let us see these things in their true light, though we are Britons and, so, with an inveterate habit of regarding

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ourselves with eyes of sad pessimism. No nation can lay in the dust a generation of its manhood and be all that it was before, until time allows some, at least, of that loss to be made good. It would be folly to expect it.

We were beaten in the polo very handsomely — no two words are to be said about that: outplayed at all points, possibly proved wrong in our very conception of the main principles of the game. Did not the Americans win largely by their harder hitting, though largely, too, by their better shooting at goal? Of polo, however, I know nothing, except such glimmer of half-knowledge as a mere spectator may gain.

But golf I have played, and there are more than two words to be said to the pessimist who tells us, with sour joy, that America won the golf. A Scot, a St. Andrews man, Jock Hutchison, who went to America as a professional, won the Open Championship. Even the most anxious pessimist can make little profit out of the amateur championship where the native-born beat all the pick of the brightest golfing flora of the United States. And this Jock Hutchison, who takes back to his adopted home the cup that is the open champion's trophy, can be cited as an example of Great Britain's national decadence, which some embittered spirits find a strange joy in deploring? He was a marvelously lucky champion. Let this be said with no detraction whatsoever from the scarcely less marvelous quality of his play. He was a perfect wonder for getting threes, at holes where four is a satisfactory par score. I judge — I did not see him — that he is a parlous good putter and an adept at stopping the ball near its pitch off the ribbed face of an iron club. But he *was* lucky! That holing of the Short-Hole-Out in one, in a scoring competition! A thousand rounds, and more, I suppose, I have played on that beloved old St. Andrews course, yet never have I so much as seen that hole done in one. And to follow it with an only little less prodigious two at the ninth! And then to tie — to tie only because Mr. Wethered, who equaled him, suffered the excruciating tragedy of walking on his ball! Was he not lucky? And, lucky or no, is it a win to be scored to the American at cost of the British credit? At least, this is not the light in which his fellow townsmen of St. Andrews viewed it when they took him, him and his champion cup, which had been handed him almost as he holed out his final putt, and hoisted him shoulder-high in triumph.

And this thought, too, may be likely to occur to us: would Hutchison have been champion to-day had he stayed in his native gray city by the sea, and not gone across the Atlantic? Had he, now thirty-eight years of age, not chosen America as his adopted home, he would have been of those who really have won the war. Would he have come back from the winning? Or, coming back, would he have been quite the same man after that experience? For that is a consideration which must essentially enter into our valuation of our manhood's strength. We have to make estimate, not only of lost lives but also of loss of health and force and nerve in those who have fought and yet live. It is an estimate more difficult and more subtle than that of the mere numbers, which can be arithmetically done; but its values are not less real because they are difficult to determine; they have to be taken into the great account. And as with our golfers and our polo players, so with our cricketers, our lawn-tennis players, and our athletes in every kind. I do not seek excuse. I am of an age when I have to sit and look on at the athletics, as I had also to sit and look on, very miserably, at the war. It is not on my own account that I am

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seeking either apology or glory; it is only that I do desire that we shall look more justly on these episodes, which some regard, without much sense of perspective, as I think, as grave blows on our national pride — blots on our 'scutcheon. I do not desire that we shall be boastful, but I do desire that we shall not despair of ourselves, out of all proportion, as a decadent people. We have not won the polo, — I am not sure about the golf, — or the cricket, or the lawn tennis; but the main reason why we have not won them is not, after all, a very bad one: it is because we have won the war.

AN ULSTER BOYHOOD

BY LYNN DOYLE

From *The Manchester Guardian, July 2*
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

THOUGH I do not remember that life in the Ulster of my childhood was dull, looking back, I can see that the range of our amusements was very limited. Cricket was almost our only outdoor sport, and even cricket could hardly be said to flourish. When a man has followed a plough or a harrow all day, or mowed hay, or pulled flax, his desire for open-air exercise has generally been satisfied. Then, time was an important factor. It was well on to half-past seven before the country cricketer could take the field, which restricted his season to about eight weeks; and even in that period he finished most of his games in blind-man's holiday. I have known us play till the bowler could hardly discern the wicket at which he was aiming, and remember Hughey Dixon splitting his bat with a mighty drive he made at a round stone rolled up by our humorist, Dick Murray.

Dancing was a good deal practised among the humbler folk, mostly in an impromptu way, after a wedding or a harvest-home, on which occasions a barn or a hayloft would be the ballroom.

Sometimes on a fine summer evening the 'boys' and 'girls' would issue from the cottage where they had gathered to 'kailyie' and foot it in the yard or green before the house. Waltzes and lancers were then scarcely known among our country dancers, the fox-trot as yet undreamed of. The 'sets,' as the quadrilles were called, were our only dance. Nor were we too particular about music. In the deficiency of a fiddler, — and fiddlers were rare, — a fluter from the local Orange or Nationalist band put mettle in our heels. Failing a flute, a melodeon did duty, and sometimes we sank as low as a Jew's harp, and even plain whistling. Dick Murray was a famous whistler on such occasions. I have known him whistle the 'sets' twice through, with no further assistance than a tin of buttermilk, though he was understood to do much better on porter.

But in farmers' houses there was little or no dancing, partly because the rooms in a middling farmer's house were too small to dance in, partly because dancing had not yet passed out of the category of frivolous amuse-

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ments. And while the laborer might take a hand of spoiled-five on a ditch-side, or even at his own hearth, there was no card-playing to lighten the tedium of a farmer's party. In most houses cards were looked upon with horror. To my aunt, I knew, they were still 'the devil's picture-books.' She used to boast that she did not know one card from the other, and thought I was as ignorant as herself, until one dreadful day when I spoke of the emblem of love on a valentine as the ace of hearts. After a searching inquisition (for I knew the greatness of my offending), she wrung from me that our cricket players sometimes took a hand of spoiled-five in the nearest ditch after light began to fail, after which discovery I never again batted in a bad light, but went to bed betimes.

On the whole I think the farmer's chief pleasure was the attending of funerals. At funerals alone he could spend a day in idleness and feel his conscience ungalled. They were his club. There he and his more distant cronies foregathered and unbent their minds in reminiscence and story, as the long procession of vehicles jogged along with loose rein and trailing whip. Genealogies — ever a favorite subject in the country, where a family's past is impossible of concealment — were much discussed on these occasions. The association of ideas was a natural one. It was in such weather, or it was not, that the dead man's father had been buried, some of the elders would remember. He was married *on* (it is a Northern idiom) a Miss So-and-so of such a place, who was related to the So-and-so's of Ballysomewhere-else. That would leave such a family third or fourth cousins of the So-and-so's. Ay, there was a great change in *their* position in the country from what it used to be. *Their* pride had had a fall. It was wonderful the ups and downs in this life. They minded the dead man there when he was only a lump of a boy. And now he was gone. It was a solemn and yet a comfortable reflection.

Then there was an unearned increment of gloves, and hatbands, and 'weepers' to be considered. We had not yet reached the stage of civilization when these barbarities are discarded. Our sorrow was not less; but we demanded a symbol. The hearse was ponderous with mortuary carvings; long black tassels hung from the horses' bridles, the drivers wore deep black hatbands with long tails; the clergyman was swathed in a sash of black and white linen as thick as a window-curtain. The chief mourners also wore hatbands; and anybody who was anybody was presented with a pair of black kid gloves. They were of cheap kid and burst readily on agricultural hands. But a pair of gloves is a pair of gloves, and nobody ever refused them. The prudent did not put them on, but laid them aside for Sundays, and for the humbler sort of funerals where no gloves were presented; and sometimes for their own. I once heard Long James B——, a prudent man, and known as a 'gatherer,' confide to my Uncle Joseph that he had saved enough gloves to bury himself.

The refreshments contributed a share of the day's pleasure. Whiskey and biscuits were the recognized convention. I have never known anyone buried without them. Not even teetotallers had the hardihood to flout the custom. Big Robert M——, an elder of the kirk and a bigoted teetotaller, ordered a gallon of whiskey, it is said, for the burial of his wife. It went a little against the grain with him, no doubt; but he had discussed the matter with Mrs. Robert when it became clear that she could not recover; she had expressed a wish to be 'buried decently'; and Robert, as a dutiful husband, gave way. Her wish went far to make the funeral a success.

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Most of the mourners had gone with misgiving. Even I had my little portion in the general depression. I knew it was expected to be a 'dry' funeral; and if there was to be no whiskey, I had little hope that there would be any biscuits.

I remember standing with a small group of mourners at the gable of Robert's house. The hour for 'lifting' drew near; but, contrary to custom, none of the group entered the house. At last an elderly farmer motioned his companions toward the door, remarking disconsolately that 'he supposed they might as well have a look at her, anyway,' and we all followed.

Big Robert could not bring himself to dispense the poison himself; but when his brother-in-law and deputy asked our leader if he would 'have a little of something,' the deeper shade of gloom that instantly fell on the faces of our party was merely the masking of a deep inward satisfaction. From the remark of William D——, as he set down his glass, that 'Robert had n't made little of her,' I gathered that, though ignorant of whiskey himself, Robert had left the selection of it to a practised hand. The quantity was about the ordinary for a large funeral; but he gives twice who gives unexpectedly. It was the most cheerful funeral I ever attended.

THE SKELETON: A STUDY IN KARMA

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From *Kölnische Zeitung, July* 2
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

A human skeleton hung in the chamber where we boys used to sleep. At night, the wind blowing through the open window would sometimes make the bones rattle. In the day-time we would rattle them ourselves. We took lessons in osteology from a medical student, because our guardian was anxious that we should know something of every science. It is unnecessary to tell our acquaintances, and embarrassing to tell strangers, how incompletely his wishes were carried out.

Several years have since passed, and the skeleton has disappeared from that chamber and the osteology from our heads — neither leaving a trace behind.

Recently our house was crowded with guests, and I had to pass the night in that old chamber. Sleep refused to come, in my unaccustomed surroundings; and while I was tossing restlessly, I heard the bell in a neighboring church tower strike one hour after another. The flame of the night-lamp in the corner grew dimmer and dimmer, and finally flickered out.

We had recently lost several members of our family, so the extinction of the lamp naturally diverted my mind to thoughts of death. I pondered that it was much the same thing in the great realm of nature whether a lamp went out, or whether it was the tiny light of a human life that was extinguished.

These thoughts led me to recall the skeleton. While I was trying to imagine how the body which once had en-

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closed it might have looked, I suddenly received the impression that some being was moving about my bed, touching the walls as it advanced. I could hear its quick breath. It seemed to be seeking something it could not find, and circled the room over and over at an increasingly rapid pace. I knew that this was some fancy of my sleepless brain, and that what seemed to be hurrying steps was in reality only the blood beating in my own ears. None the less a chill seized me. In order to shake off the hallucination I called out, 'Who is there?'

The steps seemed to pause near my bed, and someone answered, 'It is I. I 've come to find my skeleton.'

It would have been ridiculous for me to be frightened by a creation of my own excited fancy. So I said, with forced composure, drawing the bedclothes closer around me as I spoke: 'A fine business for this hour of the night! What do you want of your skeleton?'

The presence seemed to answer: 'What a question! That skeleton contained the bones within which my heart once beat. All the youth and beauty of my twenty-six years once clothed it. Is it not natural that I should wish to see it again?'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'that is a fair wish. But just look somewhere else for it, and let me get some sleep.'

The voice said: 'I think you are nervous. Let me stop a while and talk to you. I used to sit this way by people and converse with them. During the last thirty-five years, however, I have spent my whole time sighing and moaning at the place where we burn our dead. It would do me good to talk to a human being as I used to talk.'

I felt as if someone had seated himself close by the curtain of my bed, so I resigned myself to the situation and replied as cordially as I was able: 'Yes, that 's a good idea. Let us talk of something pleasant.'

'Well, the happiest thing I know was my own life. I'll tell you that.'

The bell in the church tower struck two.

'When I was still young and in the land of the living, I feared one thing like death itself. That was my husband. That feeling I can compare only with what a fish must feel when it finds itself caught on a hook. It was as if some stranger had dragged me out of the beautiful, quiet home of my childhood with the sharpest of barbed hooks — and I could not tear myself free. My husband died two months after our marriage; and my friends and relatives pitied me, with a great show of grief. The father of my husband, however, looked me intently in the face and said to my stepmother: "Can't you see that she has an evil eye?" Are you listening? I hope you find my story entertaining?'

'Very entertaining,' I said. 'The beginning is certainly extremely merry.'

'Well, let me continue. I was very happy to get back to my father's house. People tried to act as if they did not notice it. But I knew well that nature had endowed me with rare beauty. What do you think?'

'Oh, I can well believe it,' I murmured. 'But you must remember that I 've never seen you.'

'What? You have never seen me? And my skeleton? Ha, ha, ha! That 's good. I was only joking. How can I make you understand that those two ugly holes once held a pair of brilliant, laughing black eyes? That the grinning teeth which used to amuse you so were once enclosed in lips as red as rubies? Yes, it makes me laugh now to think how ridiculous it is that you should know aught of the grace, the charm, the youthful beauty, the tender lines which once enclosed those dry old bones. But it does n't offend me. The

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most distinguished physicians of my time never dreamed that my skeleton would ever be used for teaching osteology. Do you know, a young physician of my acquaintance actually compared me to a golden *champak* blossom. He said all the rest of the world was merely a vase to hold the bloom of my beauty. Would anybody be reminded of the champak blossom by my skeleton?

'Whenever I went about, I had the feeling that rays, like those of a diamond, shone about me, that vibrations of beauty radiated from my every movement. I used to regard my hands for hours at a time — hands that could make a plaything of the most powerful or the most churlish man.

'But that dry, dusty old skeleton has given false evidence about me, at a time when I was not able to deny its shameless slanders. For that reason I hate you more than any other person. I wish that I could in some way drive forever from your mind all its horrible osteological memories, and replace them by a vision of my living beauty.'

I interrupted: 'I could swear by that beauty, if you still possessed it, that not the slightest vestige of that osteology teaching now lingers in my head. So far as that goes, the only memory I shall have of you is of the radiant beauty you describe. That is all I can say.'

'I had no family companions,' continued the voice. 'My only brother was determined not to marry. I dwelt alone in the women's quarters. I was fond of sitting in the garden, in the shade of the trees, and dreaming that the whole world was in love with me; that the stars remained awake to view my beauty; that the wind sighed as it passed by and left me; that the very turf on which my feet rested, had it been conscious, would have lost consciousness at the ecstasy of my touch. I dreamed that all the youths of the world were like the blades of grass at my feet, and my heart was filled with a vague sadness.

'When my brother's friend, Shekar, finished his medical course, he came to us as our family physician. I had often seen him before through a crack in the curtain. My brother was an odd person, who could not endure the sight of the world; so he lived in ever greater retirement, until at last he spent most of his time in utter seclusion. Shekar was his only friend, and consequently the only man I ever saw. When I used to sit in the garden, evenings, all the imaginary suitors about my feet were Shekars. Are you listening? What do you think of it?'

I replied with a sigh: 'I was just wishing that I were Shekar.'

'Wait a bit. First hear my story out. One day in the rainy season I came down with fever. The young physician was summoned to visit me. That was our first meeting. I lay opposite an open window so that the rosy glow of the evening sky would fall on my pale countenance. When the doctor appeared and gazed at me, I placed myself in his position, and regarded myself through his eyes. I saw in the glorious evening light my delicate white countenance, lying like a languishing flower against the soft white pillows, while my loose locks fell about my forehead, and my timid half-closed eyelids gave me an expression of one who appealed for sympathy and love.

'The doctor asked my brother, in a low, hesitating voice, "May I feel her pulse?"

'I drew a languid, beautifully moulded hand from under the coverlet, and as I glanced at it, wished I might have worn the sapphire bracelet which my widowhood denied me. I have never heard of a doctor being so clumsy as he was when he felt my pulse. His fingers trembled as he took my hand. As he

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measured my pulse, I counted his heart-beats. Do you believe me?'

I replied: 'Certainly, I believe you. A man's heart-beats may easily betray him.'

'After I recovered from my ups and downs of fever, I discovered that the hosts of suitors of whom I was wont to dream in the garden, evenings, had been magically reduced to a single person. My little world consisted now of only a doctor and his patient.

'On such evenings I would clothe myself privately in a golden-yellow *sari*, place a wreath of white jasmine blossoms on my hair, and betake myself with a little hand-mirror to my usual seat under the trees.

'Now, you might think that a person would soon tire of viewing her own beauty; but that is not so. I did not regard myself with my own eyes. I was, so to speak, two persons. I looked at myself as if I were the physician. I reveled in my reflection, like the most ardent lover. But in spite of this, there was a constant sighing in my heart, as of an ever-blowing night-wind.

'However, from this time on I was never alone. As I walked through the garden, I would watch with drooping eyes the movements of my own tiny feet, and ask what the doctor would think of them. At noon, when the air was filled with the heat of the midday sun, and no sound could be heard but the distant cry of a kite; or when peddlers passed our garden-walls, calling in their singing monotone: "Buy spangles, crystal spangles!" I would spread a snow-white cloth on the ground and lie down with my head supported by my arm. Then I would imagine someone watching me in this negligent pose, and seizing my hands respectfully, pressing a kiss upon my rosy fingers, and slowly withdrawing. How would it be if I ended my story here? Do you like it?'

'It would n't be a bad end,' I replied thoughtfully. 'To be sure, it would not be complete. But I could easily spend the rest of the night imagining different endings for it.'

'But then the story would be too serious. Where would the merry part be? What would become of the skeleton with its grinning teeth? You had better let me go on. As soon as the doctor acquired a small practice, he rented a room on the ground floor of our building as a consulting-room. I used to ask him jokingly questions about medicines and poisons, and how little of this or that drug it would take to kill a person. It was a subject which aroused his interest, and he would talk fluently upon it. These conversations made me familiar with the thought of death; and so love and death became the two things which rounded out my little world. My story is now truly drawing to an end. There is not much more.'

I murmured: 'Nor is there much of the night left, either.'

'After a time I observed that the doctor was very absent-minded, and seemed to be concealing something from me of which he was ashamed. One day he came in. He was more carefully dressed than usual, and he borrowed my brother's carriage for the evening.

'I could not restrain my curiosity, and went at once to my brother to learn what the doctor was about to do. After talking for a time of other matters, I said, "Dada, where is the doctor going to-night in your carriage?"

'"To death," replied my brother laconically.

'"Oh, tell me where is he really going?"

'"He is going to get married," was the reply.

'"Is that so, truly?"' I exclaimed, laughing long and loudly.

'I learned that the bride was a rich heiress and would bring the doctor a great fortune. But why did he try to

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conceal all this? Had I ever asked him not to marry because it would break my heart? One should never trust men. I had trusted only one man in all my life, and he proved that fact to my satisfaction.

'When the doctor returned after visiting his patients, and was about to leave, I said to him with a laugh, —

'"So, doctor, you are to be married this evening?"

'My merriment completely upset him.

'"How does it happen," I continued, "that we are to have no illuminations and no music?"

'He replied with a sigh: "Is a marriage then a reason for celebration?"

'I laughed again. "No, no," I said, "that won't do. Whoever heard of a marriage without lights and music?" And I teased my brother until he ordered everything becoming for a brilliant marriage.

'Then I chatted away merrily of the bride; of the coming festival, and what I would do when the bride arrived. I asked: "And, doctor, will you still go out to feel peoples' pulses?"

'Although one cannot see what occurs inside a person's bosom, especially if that person is a man, I ventured to wager that my words were so many dagger-thrusts in the doctor's heart.

'The marriage festival was to occur late that afternoon. Before the doctor left, he was to drink a glass of wine on the terrace with my brother, as they were wont to do every evening. It was just at moonrise.

'I came in laughing, and said to them: "Have you forgotten your marriage, doctor? Is n't it time to go?"

'I ought to mention one little thing here. During the interval I had gone to the pharmacy and bought a small powder, which I shook unobserved into the doctor's glass.

'The doctor emptied his glass at a single draft, and said, with a voice stifled by emotion and a glance that cut me to the heart: "Then I must go."

'The music began to play. I went to my chamber and clothed myself in my bridal robes of silk and gold. I took my jewels out of my cabinet and put them all on. I painted the red sign of my matronhood upon the crown of my head. Then I betook myself to my seat under the trees in the garden.

'It was a glorious night. A gentle south wind kissed away the weariness of the world. The scent of jasmine and quince-blossoms filled the garden with a drowsy odor.

'The sound of the music grew softer and softer; the light of the moon grew paler and paler. The world with all its familiar scenes of home and relatives gradually died out of my consciousness like a dream. I closed my eyes and smiled.

'I fancied that, when the people came and found me, that smile would still be on my lips like a trace of red wine; that I would take that smile with me; that it would brighten my countenance as I slept in my bridal robes. Where are my bridal garments of silk and gold? When I awoke, it was to hear the rattle of bones, and to discover three little children learning osteology from my skeleton. Where once my heart beat with joy and sorrow, and the budding blossoms of youth opened in quick succession, a teacher was busy indicating my bones with his pointer. And that last smile, which I had practised so carefully — did you see anything of that?

'Now, tell me; how do you like my story?'

'It's a marvelous one,' I said.

Just then the cock crowed. 'Are you still there?' I asked. No one answered. Dawn peered through the window.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

A WHISTLER IN AN OLD STREET

BY HELEN DOUGLAS IRVINE

[*The New Witness*]

Floats there now
A starveling melody,
Where dead houses
Huddle pitiful,
Where a beggar
Plays his whistle
Near her door.

House forlorn,
Once stately, decorous,
Where she, bending,
Swept her courtesy;
Where her red heels
Tapped and twinkled
O'er the floor.

So a sound
Of laughter lingering
Haunts his piping,
Rises, quavering,
Thinly, sweetly
From his whistle
By her door.

WILD GEESE

BY KENNETH ASHLEY

[*The London Mercury*]

Gray sky;
Gray weather;
Sad sedges sighing;
Summer is dead,
Autumn is dying.
Fast overhead
Two great birds flying;
One clanging cry,
A whirry of winging,
Two rigid necks,
Four great wings swinging —
And then, two specks
Far south, together,
Fade to the eye —
Gray geese, gray sky,
Gray weather.

CÆSAR REMEMBERS

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[*The Outlook*]

Cæsar, that proud man,
Sat in his tent
Weary with victory,
With striving spent.

Where the gray Chilterns
Coiled and slept,
That hard-lipped Emperor
Vigil kept.

In the thin starlight
His glimmering hordes
Fought with the hard earth —
Spades for swords.

Out on the hill-slopes
His helmèd host
Piled stark ramparts
Rimmed with frost.

But Cæsar cared not
For dyke and wall,
Faint and remote
Came the bugles' call;

Soft in the shadows
He saw, and heard,
A Roman garden,
A Roman bird.

'Worlds to conquer!—
But Cæsar fails
To add one song
To the nightingale's!'

Soft in the shadows
The tired man heard
A woman's laughter,
A woman's word.

Cæsar, shivering,
Heard repeat
Spades on the hillside,
Sentries' feet.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ANGLO-AMERICAN HISTORY PROFESSORS AND MR. WELLS

A CONFERENCE of professors of history in British and American universities, held during July at the new Institute of Historical Research in London, has laid plans for increased coöperation between scholars of the two nations, especially those who are engaged in research. The conference included noted historians from America, Canada, and Great Britain, and taking place as it did at a time when popular interest in historical problems is especially keen, it received comment in the English press to a degree unusual for a purely academic gathering. Two other events of importance to students of history occurred at nearly the same time. A few days before the historians met, the League of Nations Union sent a deputation on methods of history teaching to the President of the Board of Education, and at about the same time the Institute of Historical Research was opened. The conference devoted a great deal of its time to developing plans for the publication of manuscripts and other materials, as well as bibliographies designed to facilitate research in little-known fields.

The deputation from the League of Nations Union, which included Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Frederic Harrison, protested against the methods of teaching history now in vogue in Great Britain, of which Mr. Wells, since the publication of his *Outline of History*, entertains a particularly low opinion. Mr. Wells said: —

> First of all we want our public as a whole to know more of general social history, of the history of mankind as a history of the development of communities. Our general public has no ideas, or the very vaguest ideas, of the development of human society through the early Stone Age, through the Bronze Age, to the beginning of communities. It sees everything in a flattened perspective, with no real sense of the enormous past of the human community. As a consequence it accepts all sorts of current institutions, which are transitory, as permanent institutions.
>
> At present our European public men, the statesmen, the politicians of our time, have necessarily to work upon the cheapest intellectual material. They cannot pause to educate during the activities and negotiations in the solving of urgent questions, and they have to work in every country upon a narrow and bitter ignorance of the wider facts of history. Unless we have a wider teaching of history, going beyond national range, we are bound to have impatience and all sorts of unhappy struggles and moods of apathy alternating with moods of hysterical combativeness, and the whole of international affairs has to go to the tune of that.

*

MR. DRINKWATER'S 'LINCOLN' ATTACKED

ALTHOUGH Mr. John Drinkwater's play, *Abraham Lincoln*, met with a chorus of praise during its tour in this country as well as during the earlier English productions, at least one vigorously dissenting voice has been raised at its midsummer revival in England. Mr. Sidney W. Carroll, writing in the London *Times*, criticizes it bitterly, attributing its success mainly to the gullibility of the public. Mr. Carroll says of the play: —

> It is a most pretentious 'spoof,' an impertinent travesty of the life of a really great man. It assumes a loftiness of treatment it is far from possessing. Its simplicity of construction and characterization has an eccentric naïveté to be found only in public wax-

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work shows. Dramatically it has practically no value. Its historical accuracy is questionable. It is episodic, lacking continuity, and such action as there is, is constantly interrupted by bombastic and swollen-headed imitations of the Greek chorus.

The author attempts to show the whole purpose of Lincoln's life concentrated into six scenes. Only a real English poet would have the hardihood to attempt such a feat. Gladstone's career, no doubt, will shortly appear boiled down into three scenes, while the life of Aaron Burr can no doubt be concentrated into a curtain-raiser.

The actor who plays Lincoln represents him as an opinionative, aggressive, drawling old Irishman, duly lantern-jawed and whiskered, alternately whining or ascending pedestals with the manner of a man who knows that reporters and camera-men by the score are in attendance upon every shuffle of his attenuated shanks and every totter of his hydrocephalic noddle. He is played as a transfigured, inspired scarecrow, surrounded by a retinue of American senators, whose movements remind one of a little army of supers attached to a grand-opera chorus. These mighty representatives of the American people, whenever they are faced with Lincoln, bend low, and, with bated breath and whispering humbleness, lapse into morose silences and throw into exalted supremacy this intellectual mammoth who meanders over their flattened carcases.

This is no President of the United States, but the King of Roscommon Castle intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. This Lincoln has no sympathies at all. He is a fletiferous hypocrite. All his ideas are fixed. He is perpetually offering words of advice to all and sundry, with pontifical oracularity. He delights in the snub. His principal pleasure is lecturing his friends as well as his enemies. He can carney and blarney almost as well as he can snap and sneer. He can never pass a map of the United States without gazing at it ecstatically, as if it were some painting by Raphael or Leonardo. If I were an American as I am an Australian, while such a caricature of one of my noblest countrymen remained in my country, I never would lay down my pen.

This may be Mr. Drinkwater's idea or Mr. Rea's idea of Abraham Lincoln. It is not mine. And yet here's the rub. The public both here and in America not only like it — they go again and again.

✠

CHAIKOVSKY'S MARRIAGE

A NEW book of memoirs published in Petrograd by the composer's friend, Kashkin, sheds new light on the mystery of Chaikovsky's unhappy marriage, and English extracts have recently been published in London by Mrs. Albert Coates, wife of the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra. In 1877 Chaikovsky married Antonina Milioukova, leaving her after a few weeks, and this is all that has hitherto been known. Chaikovsky never spoke of her to anyone, except once to Kashkin. They were sitting in the garden at twilight, when Chaikovsky referred to his wife and told the story of his marriage in a conversation which Kashkin reports in his memoirs: —

'You remember, my friend,' said Chaikovsky, 'that in the spring of 1877 I began to write my opera, *Eugene Onegin*. One day I received a letter from a girl, a pupil of the Moscow Conservatoire. It was a love letter in which the girl, Antonina Milioukova, told me that she had fallen so desperately in love with me that she even forgot the modesty of girlhood so far as to write me of her love; she begged me to take pity on her and write to her. I was so deeply engrossed in my composition that I not only did not answer but I forgot all about her. After a couple of weeks Antonina wrote again, complained bitterly of my harsh treatment of her, and said that if to this second letter she again received no answer, nothing remained to her but to end her life. I was working at the time on the second scene of *Onegin*. I was so engrossed, so absolutely obsessed by my subject, that the characters of this finest work of Pushkin were no longer the characters of a drama to me, but real and living people.

'Into this mental state of mine fell Antonina's second letter, and somehow the simi-

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larity of the two cases worked on me to such an extent that Antonina and Tatiana gradually became one in my thoughts. For the same reason I seemed to take the place of Onegin. Horror filled me at the idea that I had acted toward the girl Antonina in the same heartless and cruel way that Onegin had treated Tatiana, and, full of remorse, I went to see her.

'We met several times after this; and when Antonina one day suggested that we should get married, I agreed. I did not see what else I could do. The whole thing worried me so that I was unable to work; but what else could I have done? To have left her now would have seemed worse than anything that even Onegin was capable of — therefore impossible! I told my future wife that I felt no love for her, only sympathy for her unhappiness; but this did not seem to move her, for she only smiled. I think what principally influenced me was my wish to have done with the whole question once and for all, so as to be able to give myself up completely to my opera. All this time I had not been able to work. The question of Antonina and what would be the end of it had worried me; her tears, too (she cried often), troubled me so that I found it impossible to concentrate my thoughts. I know that I in no way realized the seriousness of the step that I was taking. I simply wanted to decide the matter once and for all and finish with it. I asked my bride to take upon herself all the arrangements for our marriage, and then took the train and left for my country house, to compose. My work again completely obsessed me, so that everything else, Antonina, marriage, and all the rest of life, seemed utterly remote and unreal. I was like a man in a fever, I worked like one in a delirium.

'In this dream-state I got married, and it was only after the step was irrevocably taken, that I realized what it meant to be tied day by day to a human being who was in every respect a stranger to me. After the first few days, already I realized that we had absolutely nothing in common. Antonina had only the most shallow and superficial understanding of art and music. As a matter of fact, the only things that really interested her were the ordinary small material details of everyday life. There seemed an extraordinary limitation in her mind. She had heard a lot; but it awakened no echo in her soul; she had also read a great deal, but nothing left any trace on her mind. Unable to bear this state of things any longer, I left her. I did not in any way blame her for anything. I blamed myself, and I suffered acute torments of conscience. After a time I even decided that, having married her, it was my duty to bear patiently the life I had brought on myself; and I went back to her with every intention of trying my best to do so. It was, however, no use.

✤

A REVOLUTION IN STAGE-LIGHTING

After prolonged experiment, Mme. Boutkovsky, a Russian painter now living in Paris, has perfected a system of stage-lighting which makes possible instantaneous alterations of scene. It has long been known that certain colors will disappear nearly or quite completely in certain lights. Mme. Boutkovsky's task has been to determine exactly the relative values of colors, and their behavior in different lights. At present, she can paint three entirely different pictures on the same canvas, only one of which is visible at a time, according to the lights which she throws on it.

The advantages of such stage-mechanism for the dramatist of poetic fantasy — M. Maurice Maeterlinck, or Sir James Barrie, for example — are evident enough. Clumsy scene-shifting is no longer required. The change can be made by merely pressing a button.

It is not merely a matter of changing a night scene into a day scene — a feat which is almost too easy with the new technique; but a garden can, in the twinkling of an eye, become a drawing-room, a forest a seashore, an attic a palace. Negotiations with a French theatrical manager are said to be in progress, but it is understood that the first use of the new method of painting scenery will be in Sir James Barrie's *Marie Rose* at its coming production in

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a Madrid theatre. The new scenery may ultimately lead to a new type of children's theatre devoted largely to fairy tales.

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EXPERIMENTS IN NON-COMMERCIAL PUBLISHING

THE Golden Cockerel Press, which started on its career as an artistic and coöperative publishing house several months ago, has now reached its third volume, with every appearance of success. The aims and ideals of the company — perhaps 'guild' would be a better word — preclude very rapid progress; but its experiments have been watched with the greatest interest by the English literary world, and may hold real significance for the future.

Its originators have set up their press 'with the intention of combatting as far as they are able the commercialization of literature.' The society is composed of a group of members, all of whom are workers, who make in their own communal workshop the books that they are to publish, sharing among themselves the fruits of their labor. Middlemen's profits and labor troubles are thus wholly eliminated and the publishers profess to be 'able to give the authors whose work they publish a larger share of the proceeds than is possible in the ordinary commercial system.'

The books so far published are A. E. Coppard's *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me* (reviewed in *The Living Age* a few weeks ago), H. T. Wade-Gery's *Terpsichore and Other Poems*, and J. D. Beresford's *Signs and Wonders*. Second editions of the first two books are in preparation, and some new books are to be added to the list.

A somewhat similar enterprise of earlier date, the Shakespeare Head Press at Stratford-on-Avon, founded by the late A. H. Bullen, is being carried on by Mr. Basil Blackwell and Mr. Bernard Newdigate, who have just issued their first book from the Stratford establishment. This is a beautiful but unpretentious edition of Michael Drayton's *Nimphidia*, a work which has been little reprinted, and requires a good typographical dress if its charm is to appeal to the modern reader. It is done in cheerful colored-paper bindings, made familiar by Mr. Blackwell's previous editions, without especially bold typographical experimentation, and is, as a London critic remarks, 'not a showpiece, merely a sound little specimen of printing.' The pride of craftsmanship which the Shakespeare Head puts into its books may be understood from the colophon at the end of the book: —

'Printed at the Shakespeare Head, Stratford-on-Avon. The type was set by John Williams and Albert Kendrick, and the press-work done by Frank Makepeace and Leslie Lee.'

Mr. J. C. Squire, in a long review of the new edition of the *Nimphidia*, suggests that it is, after all, only fair to give the printers their fair share of credit in the making of a book, along with the author and publisher, though perhaps not quite on parity with those august beings. The great printers of the Renaissance, who were near heirs of the writers and illuminators of missals, took good care that the printer's share in their books should be duly made known in little epilogues which gave their names, the dates on which they finished, and even their religious beliefs!

Mr. Squires says that 'the way to improve the general body of our printing . . . is to increase the knowledge and pride of master-printers and to develop closer relations, on the technical side, between them and their men.' He says, too, that at present 'there are few working printers who take a serious interest in their art or realize its possibilities, and this is partly due to the neglect of the working printer.'

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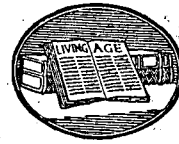

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